







This is the 1971 Excalibur of Archbishop Mitty High School. This book was put together with the efforts of photographers Russ Hughes, Tom Chargin, Paul Landry, and editor Dale Gregersen. This book is not an all out attempt to glorify Mitty in every respect. Mitty has made mistakes, and the editors have also featured some of the school's problems on these pages in an attempt to produce a balanced yearbook.

There is the traditional coverage of sports, which the teams deserve: a football squad coming from a dismal 1-9 record last year to a 7-3 record this year; undefeated winners of the Buchser basketball tournament; one of the finest soccer teams in Northern California; a fine baseball team; plus the hardy cross-country club--all are included. However, there is much more to Mitty than sports.

Mitty has moved ahead in areas totally ignored by other high schools. Mitty is not merely four walls and a roof designed to imprison students for a few educational hours each day; it allows its students a much freer and more realistic atmosphere on campus than do most high schools. School seems more like an extension of everyday living with the adoption of the open campus policy and the creation of co-ed classes. Students also make up their own class schedules,

and by exercising this right are assuming the responsibility expected of them. The new school standards have produced a spirit of change and progress about campus. Students and teachers alike are putting their own ideas into practice-- such as the S.S.P. workers; the off-beat, song filled Sunday mass; the expanded Guidance and Counseling program; plus the ever-present spontaneous frisbee matches, poker games, and snowball fights that crop up. It is mostly in these zany and spontaneous escapades which occur on and off campus that students witness the feeling that life is worth living and that there is something worth living for.

Most yearbooks, especially high school yearbooks, are given to high-blown sentiment, purple prose filled with exultant corn whose ooze drowns the truth and obscures the vision. Annual publications at best attempt the impossible-- to capture life AND to preserve it. This book, like Mitty High School, is a little bit of every person who put it together; both may be summed up in this line by e.e. cummings: "Life, for eternal us is now, and now is much too busy being a little more than everything."

John Waters Jr.

UP IN THE MORNING AND OFF TO SCHOOL



Jaimae
Abeytia



Bob
Acosta



John
Allender



Gary
Armetta



Ed
Atwell



Dave
Ban



Ed
Balbiani





John
Bedoni



Bill
Beinitz



Greg
Berger



Bill
Binderdald



Steve
Blair



Criss
Barry



Chris
Barton



THE MAGIC BUS

You come and go from school in a variety of ways, ways which will probably persevere in how you go and come from work later in life. The following excerpt from the writing of John Fowles raises one of those vital questions we all are being bombarded with: How about You and the World you move through?

Almost all nature education based on the know-what approach is bad, for what goes with it is the notion that everyone ought to get an identification interest in natural history. Of course, if we did all become keen naturalists that would solve all our problems. But if anything is certain about the real situation, it is that many people are never going to be very interested in nature either as science or as a hobby for showing off a cleverness with names. Indeed, as they have less and less contact with nature in our overpopulated world, they are very probably going to be less and less interested in it. What has to be done is to get this vast and growing army of the indifferent to see nature as a daily pleasure of the civilized life. It doesn't have to be named, or studied, or hunted, it just has to



Jim
Blamey



Joe
Borges



Bob
Bower



Tim
Brashear



Kevin
Bridgeman



Tracy
Brown



Brad
Burnett



ARCHBISHOP MITTY HIGH SCHOOL

Dan
Butler

Tony
Calleja

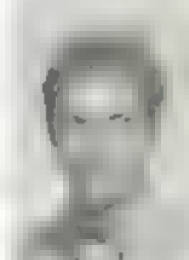
Dennis
Calmes

Lee
Campbell

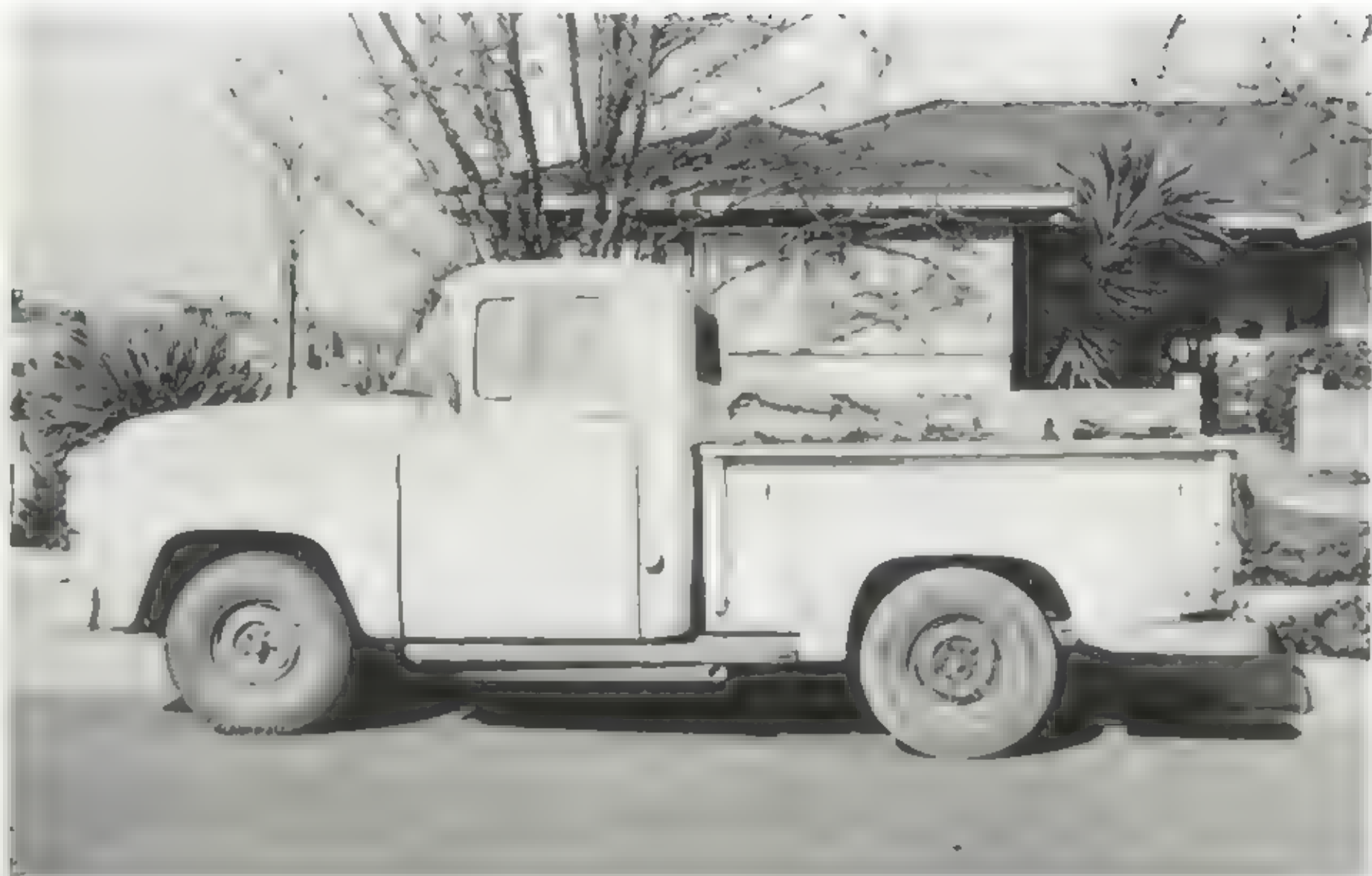
Steve
Cardona

Jim
Casebolt

Enrique
Castaneda



BY TRUCK OR AUTO



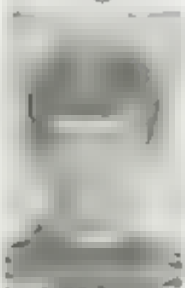
be there. And they have to be taught to miss it if it isn't there, the way they would miss electricity or the water supply if that were cut off

The kind of seeing that this requires is much more esthetic and imaginative than scientific. So for a start I should like to see the scientific element in our school-teaching about nature severely reduced and its place taken by study of the attitudes and vision of the many great painters, poets and writers who have treated the subject. They are who we need most to copy and to learn from, not the scientists. You can always tell the man who wants to experience nature from the one playing at scientist. The former will have granted equality to the whole scene, both in terms of the various families of natural life and in terms of the statistical commonness and rarity of what he is seeing. He won't, in short, be blind to all but his own field. He will know that

he has to observe with both the eye of the flea and the eye of the elephant, as the Indian proverb goes. We all see too much with a human eye and to a human scale. He will see the moth's uncurled proboscis and the ancient glacier bed, the smallest and the largest; and all in one glance. He will see forms, colors, structures, see personal, artistic and literary allusions, see whole poetries where the pseudo-scientist sees only names and matter for notes.

One of the curses of our times is that this poetic approach has come to be ridiculed as something rather romantic. It is true that without any scientific check, such an attitude can lead into the turgid bayous of nature-corner sentiment or to the equally nauseating anthropomorphic scripts of the Disney nature films and the kind of commentary one hears at Marineland. If such cheap sentimentality were the only alternative to the scientific approach to nature,

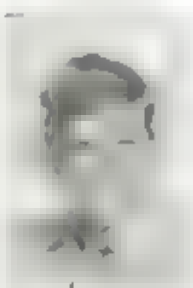
Jim
Castagnani



Joe
Cesario



Tom
Ciolino



Bart
Clanton



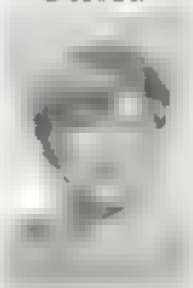
Bill
Clarke



Steve
Connelly



Mike
Corica





I should be all for science. But there is no more need to see nature either sentimentally or scientifically than there is to see paintings, or listen to music, or enjoy a game or a sport in one of those two fixed manners.

And here, perhaps, there is a stumbling block particular to the American mind, with its inborn pragmatism, its demand for some immediate utility in both the object and its pursuit, and its corollary assumption that the more facts you know about a thing the more there is likely to be in it for you. Europeans enjoy appearances. Americans enjoy things better if they know how they "work"—and of course knowing that involves knowing names. This obsession with labeling and functioning, and the corresponding impatience with the quieter pleasure of mere experiencing, is an aspect of what an American friend of mine once described to me as the single deepest fault

of the national culture. He called it a lack of poetry, and then amplified the phrase by saying. "We try and turn everything into machinery." Over the years I have come to see this criticism as a clue to a great deal of what is unhappy in American society.

This is not the place to discuss whether my friend is right in general. But I would choose "unpoetic" as probably the best word to describe the prevailing attitude to natural life in the United States just as "poetic" best describes the great exceptions to that generalization, the Audubons and the Thoreaus. Poetry, alas, is something you can't sell. All you can do is suggest that it is out there, if people will only find the time and the right frame of mind and discover for themselves that enjoyment does not require scientific knowledge.

Myself, I regard nature very largely as

Jon
Costella



John
Cotton



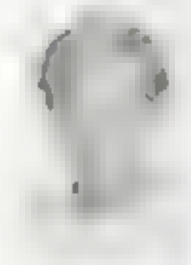
Mark
Coupens



Jeff
Cronin



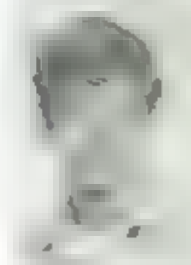
Dave
Crooks



Tony
Crusco



Don
Denham

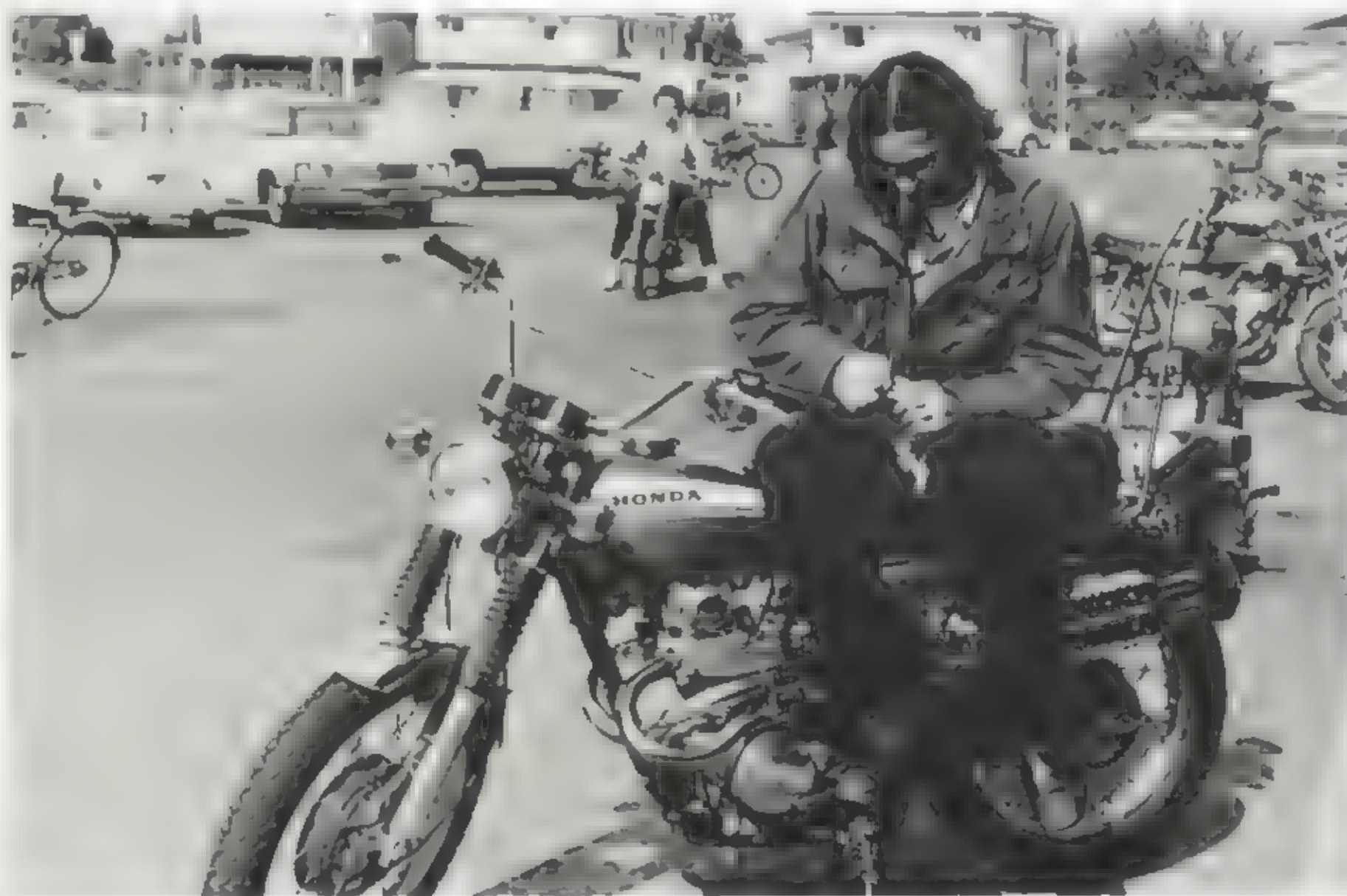


OR BY CYCLE

therapy. It is where I go to get away from words, from people, from artificial things. It is affection and friendship, too the recurrence, the return in the cycle of the year of certain flowers, beasts, birds and insects I am fond of. It is sounds. It is curlew on a winter's evening, as I lie in bed. It is the sparrows that chirp on my roof each morning. Above all it is the familiar natural life that lives and breeds round my house--the kind of life any rarity-hunting naturalist would not even notice, it is so ordinary. But I have trained myself, partly through reading about Zen, partly through thinking on the texts of such men as Thoreau, not to take anything in my thousand-times-walked-around garden as familiar. I'm not in the least a religious person, but I suppose the process is something like prayer. You have to work at it. I once told a Benedictine monk that prayer was incomprehensible to me. "Yes," he said, "it was to me once. It becomes comprehensible only through endless repetition."

This, I am convinced, is what practical conservation needs behind it, or beneath

it, if it is to work: a constantly repeated awareness of the mysterious other universe of nature in every civilized community. A love, or at least a toleration, of this other universe must reenter the urban experience, must be accepted as the key gauge of a society's humanity, and we must be sure that the re-entry and the acceptance is a matter of personal, not public, responsibility. So much of our communal guilty conscience is taken up by the cruelty of man to man that the crime we are inflicting on nature is forgotten. Fortunately there seem to be many signs in the United States that this "lesser" crime against natural life at last is being recognized for what it is--not the lesser crime at all, but the real source of many things we cite as the major mistakes of recent history. You may think there is very little connection between spraying insecticide over your flower-beds because everyone else in your street does the same and spraying napalm over a Vietnamese village because that's the way war is. But many more things than we know start in our own backyards. Social aggression starts there; and so does social tolerance.



Bob
DiMarco

Mike
DiPietro

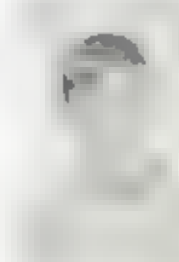
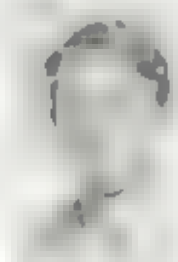
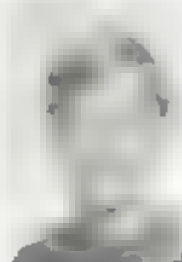
Eric
Dippel

Vince
Doherty

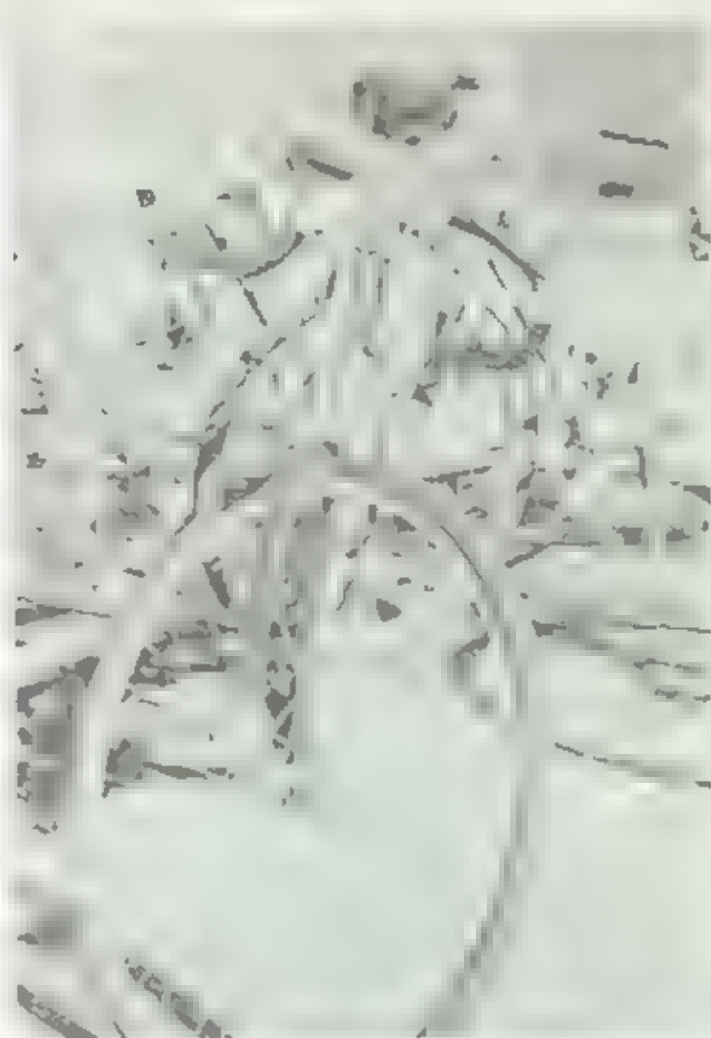
John
Doirou

Mike
Dougherty

Mark
Drolman



Nature is an inalienable part of human nature. We can never blaspheme against it alone. Exterminate, and you shall be exterminated. Don't care, and one day, perhaps too late, you or your children will be made to care bitterly. Evolution holds no special brief, no elect place for man. It's only favorite is the species that keeps the options open. The nightmare of our century is that so many of man's options are closing on him. A main reason for this is that the individual increasingly lets society and its label-words usurp his own role and responsibility. We all know that we have to get things right between ourselves and the other forms of life on this crowded planet. What we don't or won't, know is that the getting right cannot be left to government, to the people who are paid to care. I make no apology for saying it again. Conservation can never be someone else caring. It is you caring. Now.



Dave
Druley

Ed
Dutra

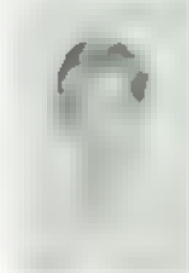
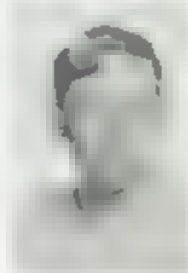
Rick
Eagle

Bob
Edmonds

Ferry
Egan

Brian
Elgin

Philip
Emerson



CROSS COUNTRY



Alfred
Enright



Marty
Espino



Larry
Fuley



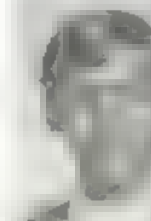
David
Evans



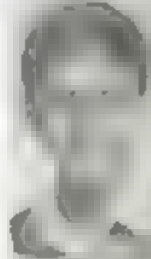
Jeff
Evans

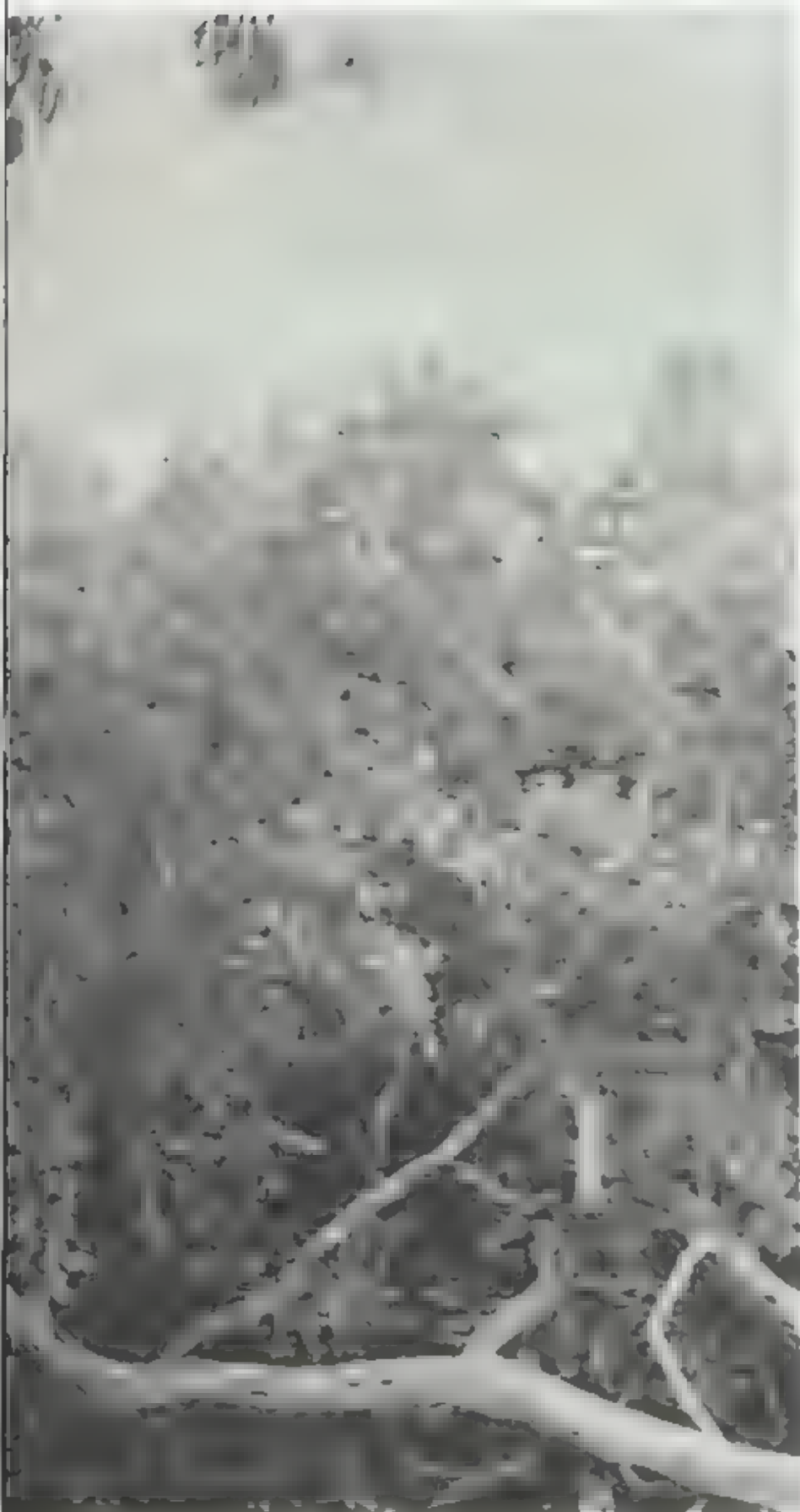


Marty
Fanciullo



Robert
Farrell





"We went once around the field and then along a half-mile drive of elms, being cheered all the way, and I seemed to feel I was in the lead as we went out by the gate and into the lane, though I wasn't interested enough to find out. The course was marked by splashes of whitewash gleaming on gateposts and trunks and stiles and stones, and a boy with a waterbottle and bandage-box stood every half-mile waiting for those that dropped out or fainted. Over the first stile, without trying, I was still nearly in the lead but one; and if any of you want tips about running, never be in a hurry, and never let any of the other runners know you are in a hurry, and never let any of the other runners know you are in a hurry even if you are. You can always overtake on long-distance running without letting the others smell the hurry in you; and when you've used your craft like this to reach the two or three up front then you can do a big dash later that puts everybody else's hurry in the shade because you've not had to make haste up until then. I ran to a steady jog-trot rhythm, and soon it was so smooth that I forgot I was running, and I was hardly able to know that my legs were lifting and falling and my arms going in and out, and my lungs didn't seem to be working at all, and my heart stopped that wicked thumping I always get at the beginning of a run. Because you see I never race at all; I just run, and somehow I know that if I forget I'm racing and only jog-trot along until I don't know I'm running I always win the race... and I wonder if I'm the only one in the running business with this system of forgetting that I'm running because I'm too busy thinking...

I trotted on along the edge of a field bordered by the sunken lane, smelling green grass and honeysuckle, and I felt as though I came from a long line of whippets trained to run on two legs... and I could just see the corner of the fenced-up copse in front where the only man I had to pass to win the race was going all out to gain the half-way mark. Then he turned into a tongue of trees and bushes where I couldn't see him anymore, and I couldn't see anybody, and I knew what the loneliness of the long-distance runner running across country felt like, realizing that as far as I was concerned this feeling was the only honesty and realness there was in the world and I knowing it would be no different ever, no matter what I felt at odd times, and no matter what anybody else tried to tell me. It was hard to understand, and all I knew was that you had to run, run, run, without knowing why you were running, but on you went through fields you didn't understand and into woods that made you afraid, over hills without knowing you'd been up and down, and shooting across streams that would have cut the heart out of you had you fallen into them. And the winning post was no end to it, even though crowds might be cheering you in, because



Steve
Feeley

David
Ferrari

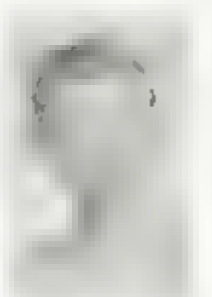
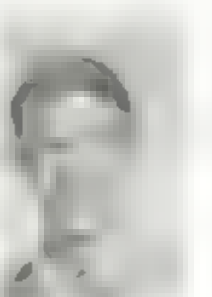
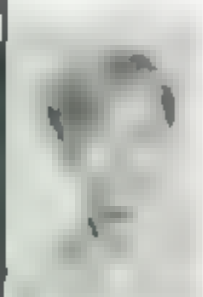
Doug
Ferrari

Dan
Ferre

Dave
Ferriera

Mike
Feulner

Barry
Ferro





on you had to go before you got your breath back, and the only time you stopped really was when you tripped over a tree trunk and broke your neck or fell into a disused well and stayed dead in the darkness forever...

I've just come up out of the sunken lane, kneed and elbowed, thumped and bramble-scratched, and the race is two-thirds over, and a voice is going like a wireless in my mind saying that when you've had enough of feeling good like the first man on earth of a frosty morning, and you've known how it is to be taken bad like the last man

on earth on a summer's afternoon, then you get at last to being like the only man on earth and don't give a bogger about either good or bad, but just trot on with your slippers slapping good dry soil that at least would never do you a bad turn. Now the words are like coming from a crystal-set that's broken down, and something's happening inside the shell-case of my guts that bothers me and I don't know why or what to blame it on, a grinding near my ticker as though



David Filice

Ed Finkas

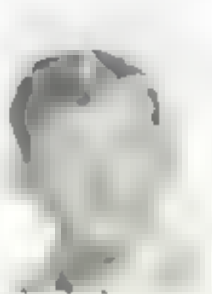
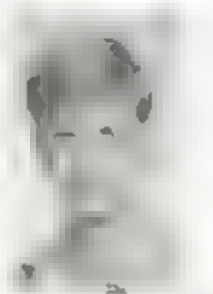
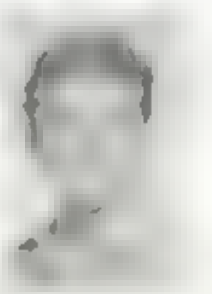
James Fisher

Terry Fitzpatrick

Jay Fucci

Tim Gairaud

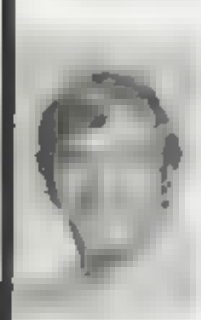
Martin Garcia



bag of rusty screws is loose inside me and I shake
 em up every time I trot forward. Now and again
 break my rhythm to feel my left shoulder-blade by
 bringing a right hand across my chest as if to rub the
 life away that has somehow got stuck there. But I
 now it's nothing to bother about, that more likely it's
 caused by too much thinking that now and again I
 he for worry."

"The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner"--
 Alan Sillitoe

Brent
Gattuccio



Steve
Gerst



Larry
Cinestra



Cassian
Goodpasture



Jim
Goosen



Brian
Gregory



Paul
Grenier



Cross-Country running isn't all loneliness however. Sometimes there's a crowd. And there's the bus ride to the meet. And the occasional blonde walking her dog. Screaming parents. Screaming coaches. Screaming muscles.

You don't have the student body there to cheer you - and you tell yourself it doesn't matter. It doesn't.



Chris
Griggs

Scott
Guadan

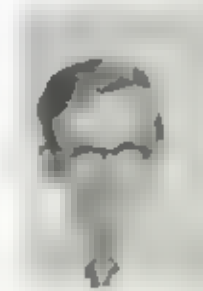
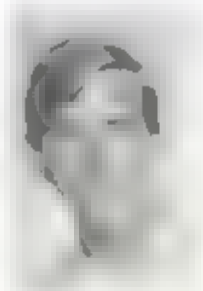
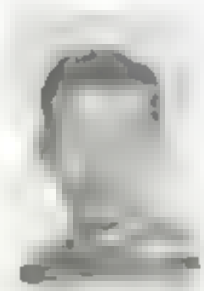
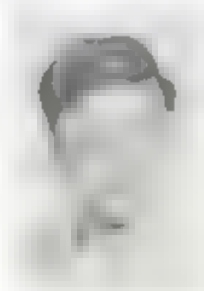
Kelley
Guasticci

Allen
Gurrols

Pat
Haniger

Andrew
Hansen

Dave
Harlow





But you wish the rallies would do more than mention you as an afterthought.

Practice makes perfect, they say, but mostly it just makes you sick to your stomach. Sanchez falls off Leadley's van and all you can do is laugh and puke. All he can do is bleed. Up hill, up up hill. Down. Turn. And the knife in the lungs. Maybe Sillitoe was right. The Pain. Navarra, what ARE you trying to prove? I guess we all, sometime or another, go it alone. Maybe Sillitoe was right. Alone. The pain. The knife in the lungs.



Gay Harris

Bill Haunfelder

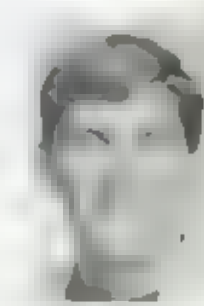
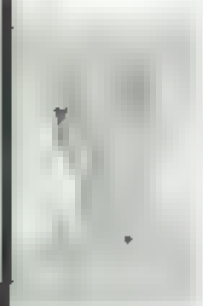
Mark Havstad

Dan Hernandez

James Hershman

Greg Higgins

Tom Howe



VARSITY FOOTBALL



The Monarch offense rushed for 243 yards with Mike Gill gaining 88, as the defense held MSJ to a mere six yards. The Monarchs won, 25-0.



Both Randy Strawn and Mike Gill scored a touchdown as Mitty crushed Mt. Pleasant 17-6. Mitty outran and outpassed their opponents, 239-72.

Bartkowski isolated a halfback on our line-backer and the Buchser Bruin beat a too confident Mitty, 12-7.

The Monarchs' Randy Sheleman gained 23 and 33 yards on two pass receptions, and Mike Long blocked a PAT, but Riordan dropped Mitty, 33-7.



Ed Struss capped a fantastic 76 yard drive with a 3 yard touchdown run, giving Mitty a 7-6 victory over St. Francis.

Mike Gill



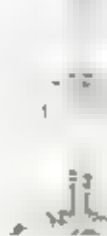
Steve Welch



Ed Struss



Joe Cimino



Bill Patterson



Dave Brown



Tom Fleischli



And then came the Bells 14-14 at the half, but 46-20 at the gun. A bad end to a good season.



Pat Kohlman, Mitty's leading scorer and pass receiver, made 1 touchdown and Ed Struss ran for 2 in a 28-15 win over Serra, our fourth.



Mitty did it again-- this time a 28-12 win vs. Sacred Heart. Struss, Strawn, Smith and Patterson all scored, while Fleischli made four PATs.



Randy Strawn blocked a would-be-tying PAT attempt and nailed their QB to stifle a late SJH drive, saving a 7-6 win over San Jose High.



Gill ran 134 yards, Fleischli booted a 43 yard field goal, and Struss hit Kohlman twice. Mitty won it in the trenches, 16-14 over S.I.



Glen Smith

Jack Coupens

Randy Rajkovich

Will Battaglia

Marc Picolini

Rich Fazio

Martin Sweeney



LINEMEN



Featured here are six of the Demonarch's people-crunching linemen. The not so little "Little Rhino" Mark Picolini, gained two berths on the all-league 2nd team. Rich Rizio, another hulk, was hurt in the Sacred Heart game, which curtailed his people-crunching for the season. Mitty's league-leading scorer and a fantastic receiver - Pat Kohlman. Another all-league member is Tom Nickel, the team captain during Smith's absence. Randy Strawn, a good tackler, should be back for another "smashing" season. Colorful Joe Conte, center, rounds out the team and keeps up their morale with his loony antics.



Gary
Arnold

Mark
Fine

Pat
Kohlman

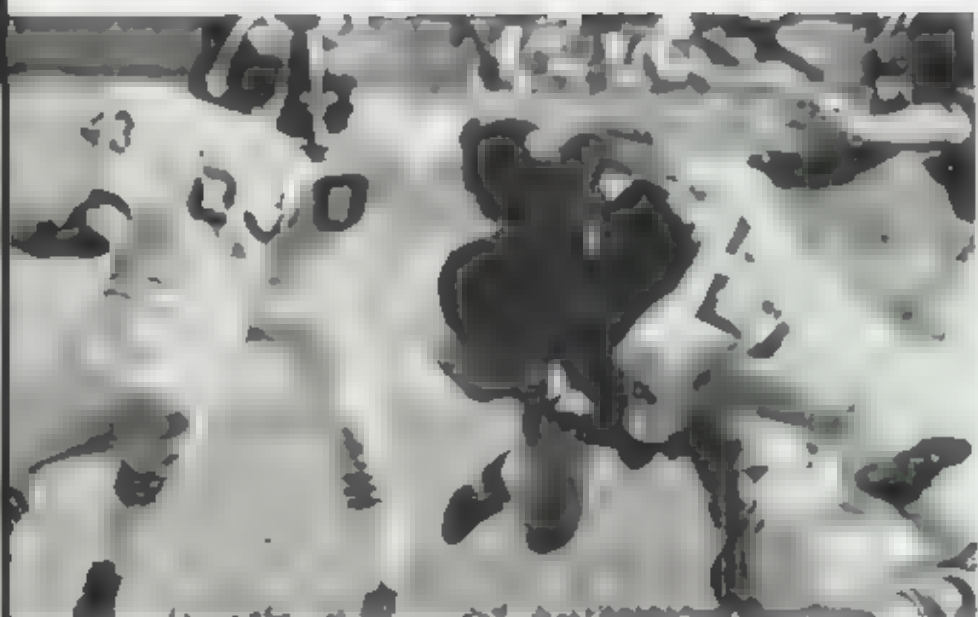
Randy
Strawn

Tom
Nickel

Mr.
DeMonner

Dale
Gregersen





Bruce
Trapani

Mike
Dullea

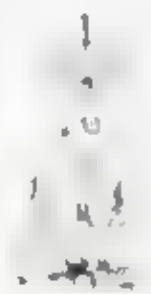
Steve
Masen

Mike
Pena

Matt
Campi

Paul
Hathaway

Pat
Scudero



BACKS

The mighty Mitty backfield turned the team on to seven victories. Here are some regulars: QB Ed Struss threw and ran for over 1500 yards. Tony Lupina did a fine job as punt returner. Punter Steve Welch averaged 29 yards per boot, while Tom Fleischli kicked for 24 points. Joe Cimino played sparingly but well. Averaging 3.8 yards per carry was Dave Brown.



Mike Long

Don Landry

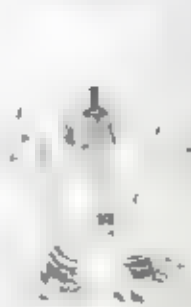
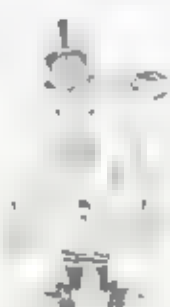
Jim Tavtavo

Bill Gard

John Baggot

Randy Sheleman

Tony Bozzini





Only Bill Patterson could run for a TD with four "tacklers" on his back, as he did in the Sacred Heart game. Speedy Mike Gill ran for over 900 yards.



Mr. Williams

Joe Conte

Art Ferraro

Tony Lupina

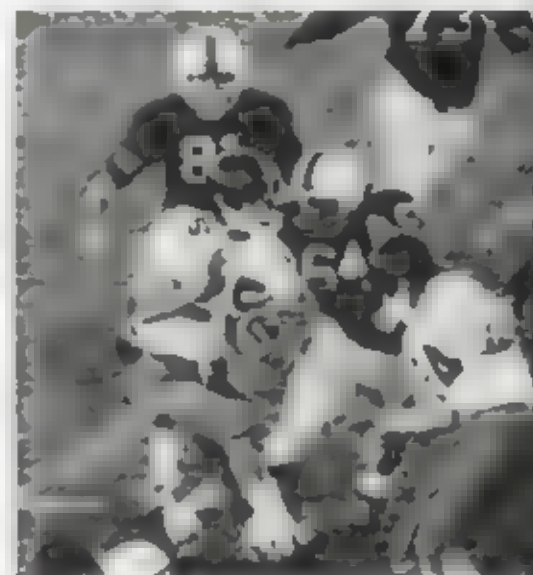


JV-FROSH FOOTBALL

The freshman football team skidded to a 1-5 record this year. Their lone victory was a 25-0 rout of Sacred Heart.

Several factors determined the disappointing outcome of the season. Though the team was spirited, it was a small squad and it lacked depth. The fierce competition in a strong league overwhelmed them.

Pat Haniger, Pat Owens, Steve Blair, Lou Howe, Mike Taylor, and Don Schwartz are promising players coach Petronovich believes will be part of a fine varsity squad.



Chris Kohlman

Dan Krassowski

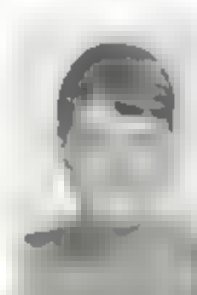
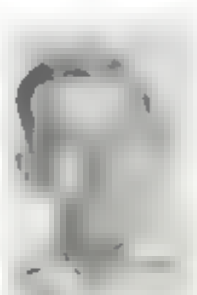
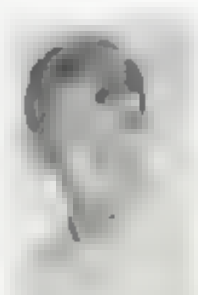
Bryan Kudela

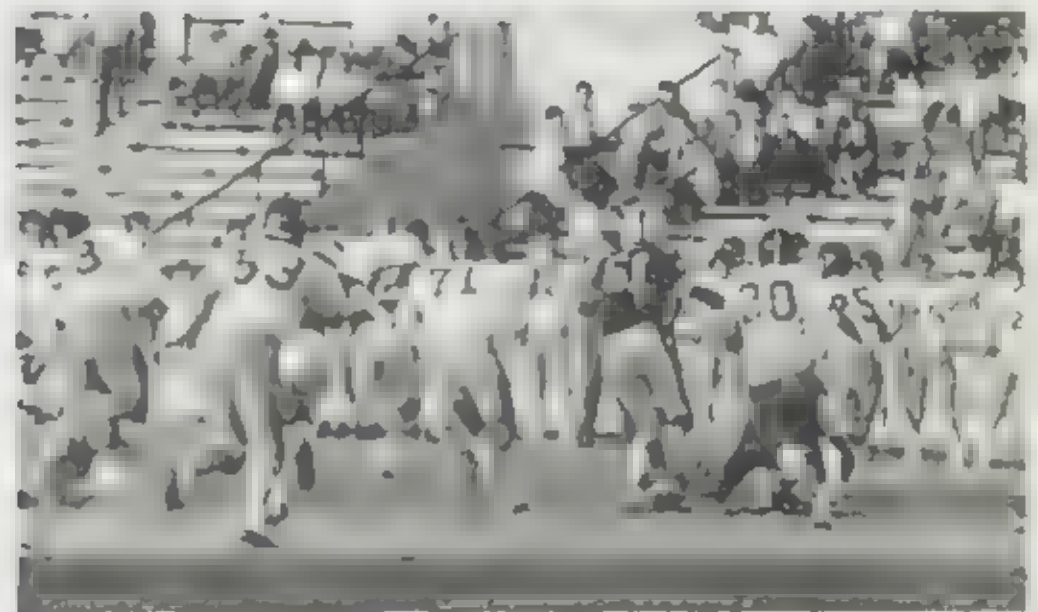
Stuart Jaquez

Robert Jindrich

Ray Jones

Carlo Ittare





The JV's, with coaches Barry and Sinnott, wound up with a 1-9 record. The shortage of players hurt; some were on both offense and defense, eliminating the chance at in-depth training for specific positions.

Players V. Brandalise, R. Kolegraff, A. Sturla, M. Garcia, C. Vellis, and G. VonRaesfeld may be future varsity material



James
Kissinger

Chris
Kendall

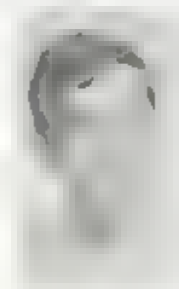
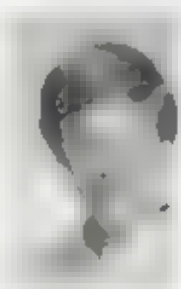
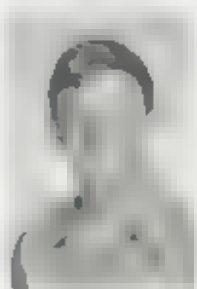
Stan
Luna

Mike
Lopes

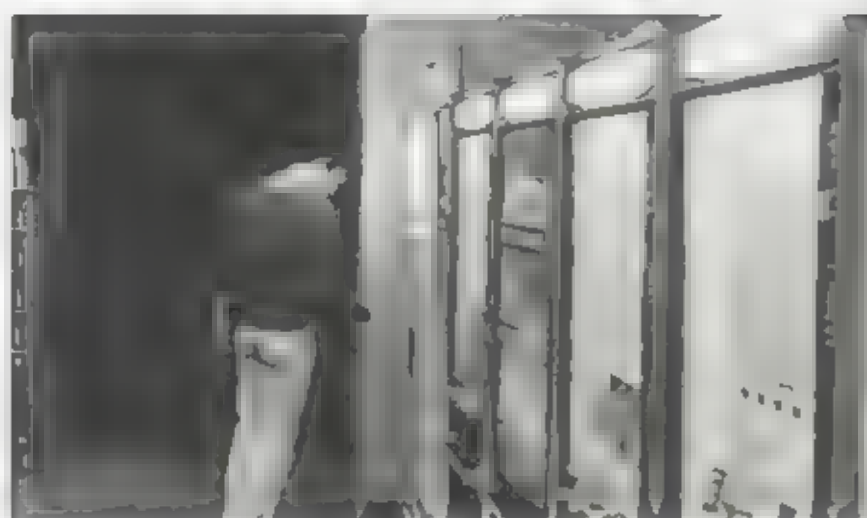
Doug
Long

Mike
Lombardi

Bill
Lewer



AND THEN THERE IS THE FOOD & CARDS



MITTY MONARCHS			
MENU			
HAMBURGERS...	35¢	CHEESEBURGERS...	40¢
HOT DOGS...	30¢	CHILI...	50¢
FRENCH FRY...	30¢	B-B-Q SAND...	50¢
SHRIMP...	35¢	BARBEC BREAD...	15¢
PIZZA - (one, two, or three)		25¢	
DOUGHNUTS...	10¢ 15¢ 20¢		
HOT CHOCOLATE...	15¢		
CAKE...	25¢		

Randy Lafrom



Jeff Landry



John Myers



Mark Lascola



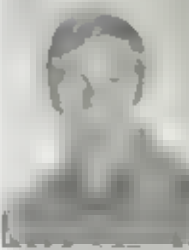
Steve Lateur



Gregg Lefferts



Mike Myslinski





David
Morin

Mike
Morin

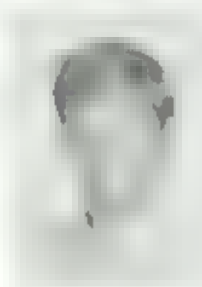
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Morley

George
Mulearve

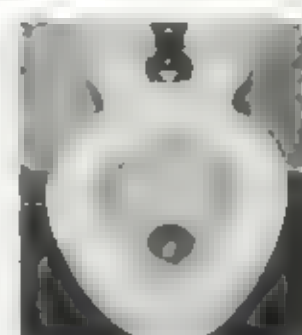
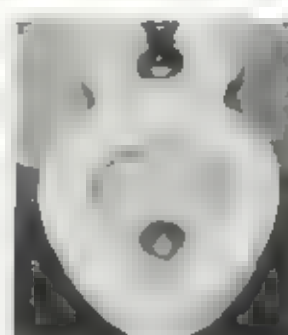
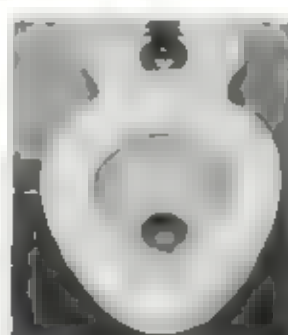
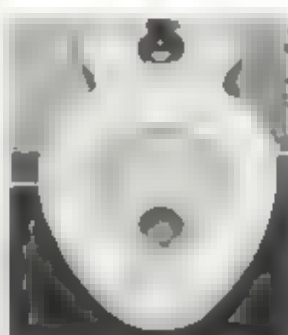
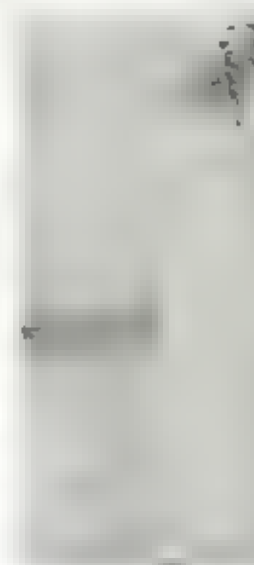
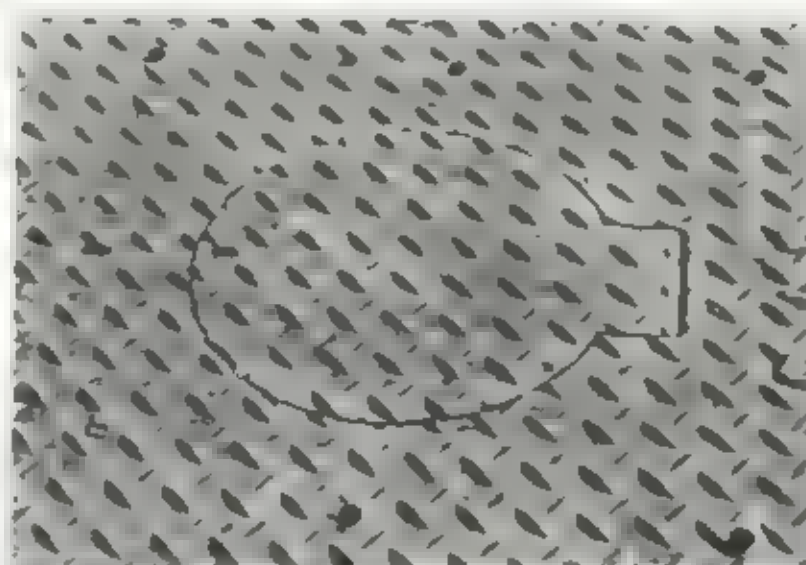
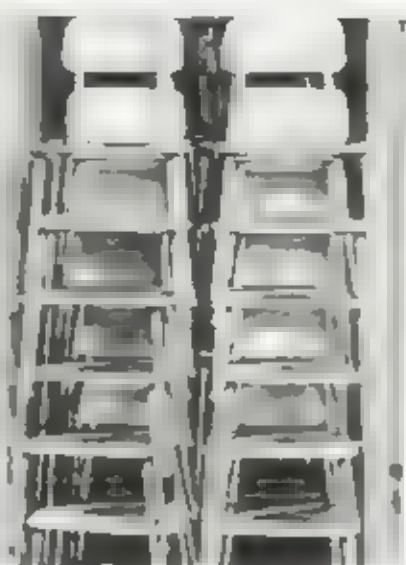
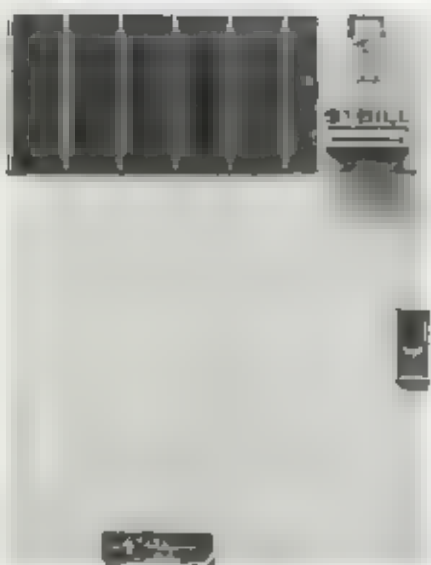
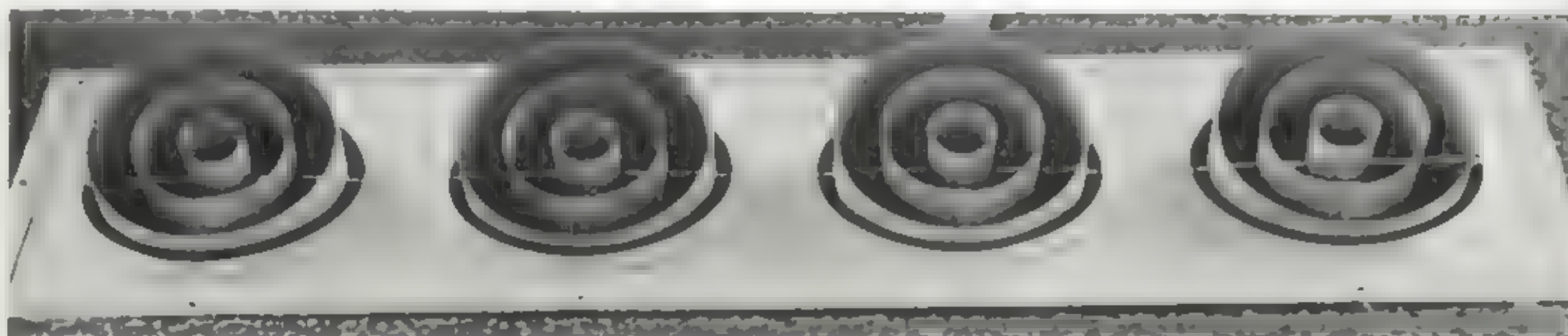
Mike
Munz

Mark
Munley

Terry
Murry



SOME MINOR DETAILS



Larry
Mikolich

Dan
MumMack

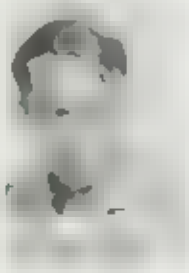
Kelly
Monahan

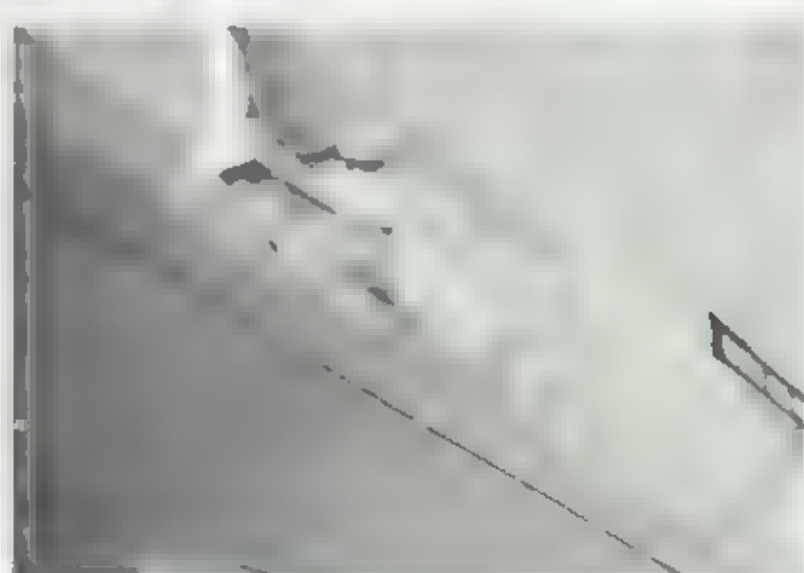
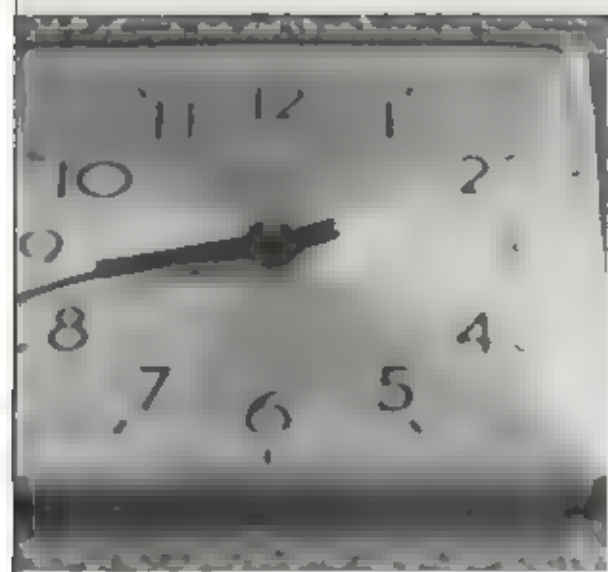
Eddie
Mnotiel

Marty
Moreali

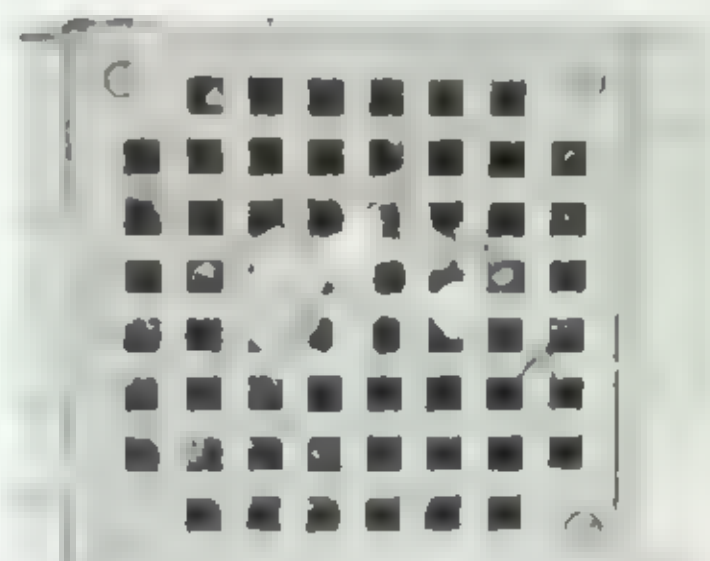
Mario
Moreno

Kevin
Morgan

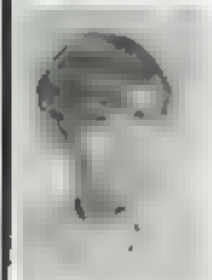




CVIT



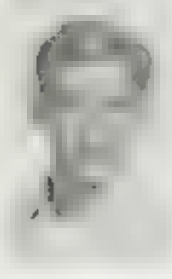
Brian McDonald Mike McDouell Jim McKenzie Gary McLeod Kevin McWeeney Mike Meek Mark Messier



SOUND MIND...



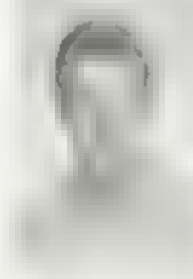
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Martino



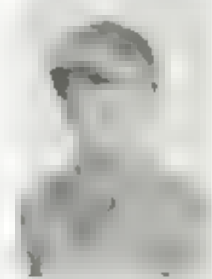
Jim
Mantino



Bob
Mathews



Mark
McAdams



Philip
McCarthy

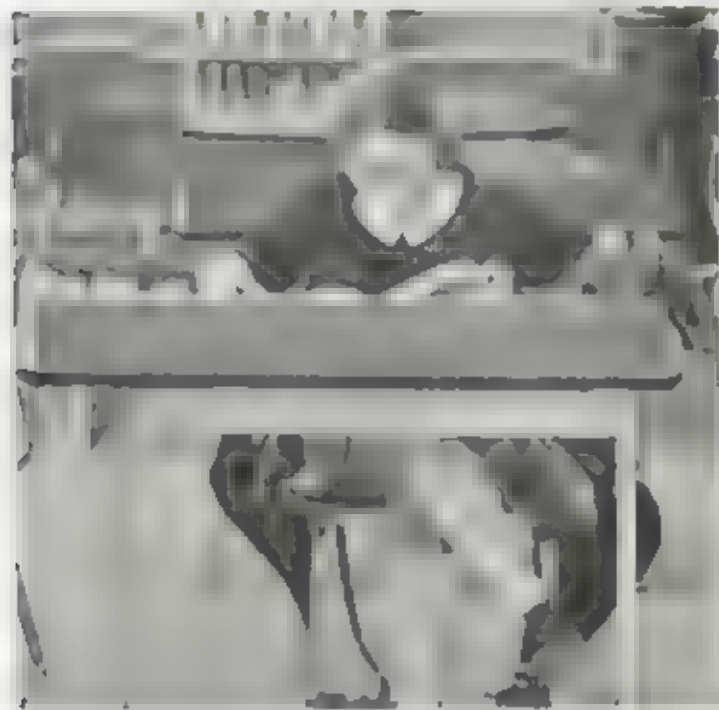


Mike
McCloskey

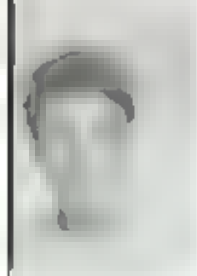


Steve
Mcdermott





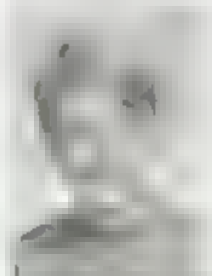
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Nicholson



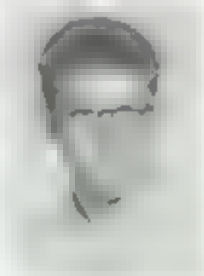
Jeff
Nicoletta



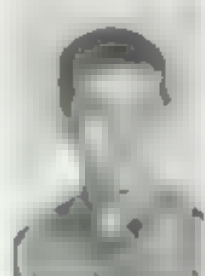
John
Nolan



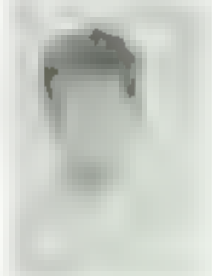
Dave
Macintyre



Greg
Macintyre



Mike
Malone



Frank
Martinez



SOUND BODY



Mark Pouio

Jeff Nelson

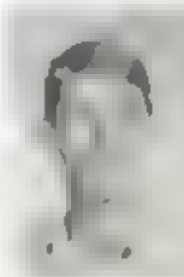
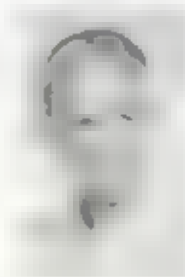
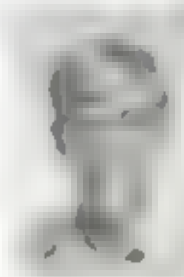
Danny Nelson

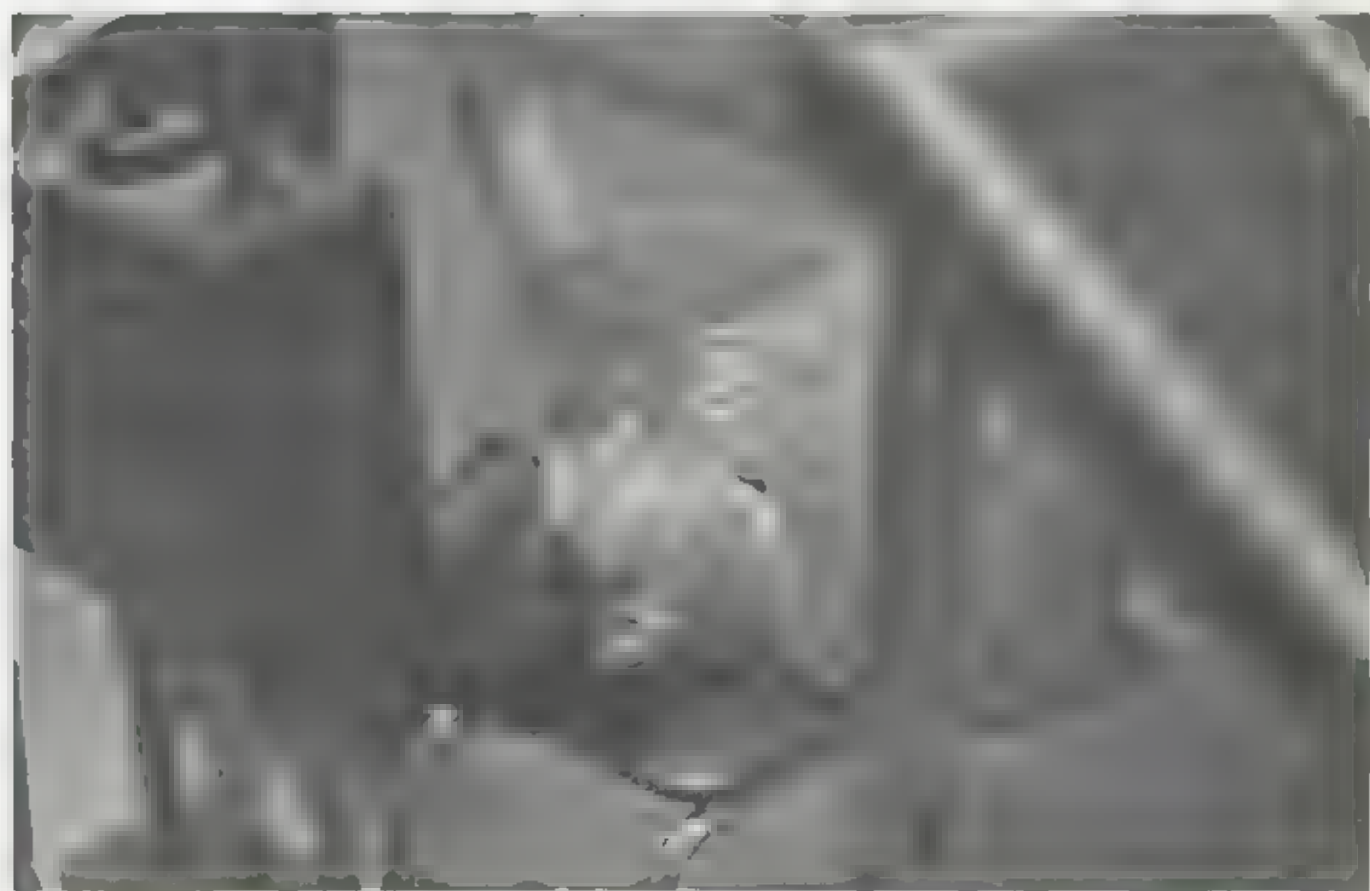
Bob Naughten

Gay Naugle

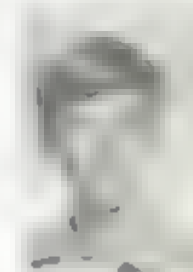
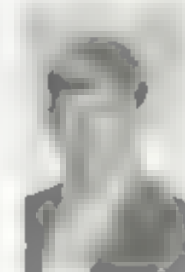
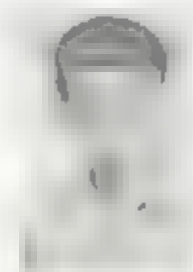
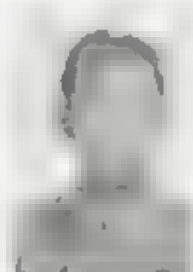
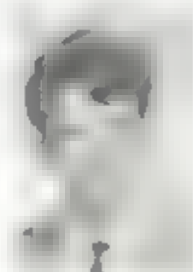
Miguel Ortega

Sean Okane

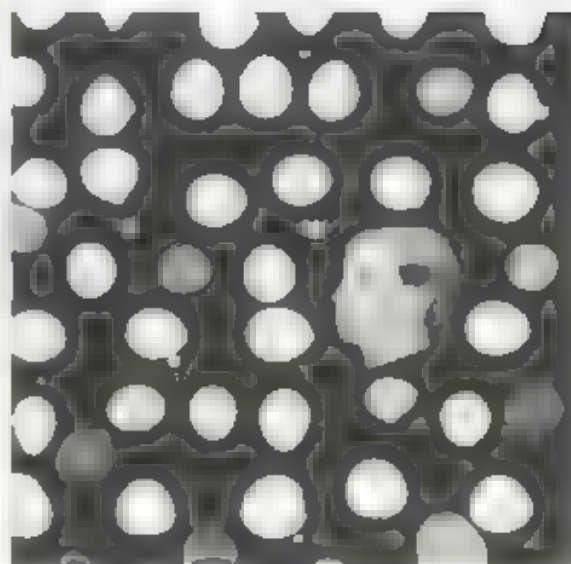




Anthony Lattucci Mark Pizarek Martin Piper Manuel Pandrock Pat Perry Jim Payley Dave Rugani



MITTY PEOPLE



Dave
Regalado

John
Reges

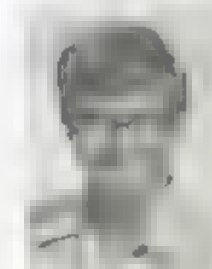
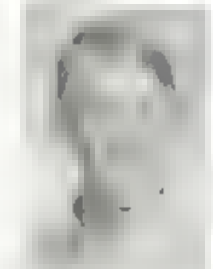
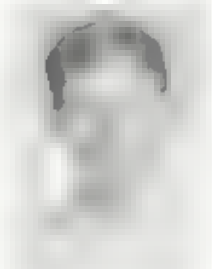
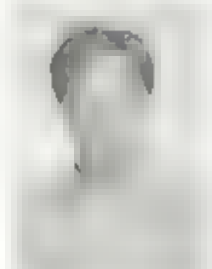
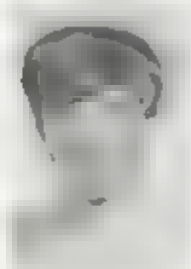
Mark
Riofrio

Ken
Rivera

Don
Rice

Bill
Romasko

Tony
Romio





Pat
Ransil

Steve
Rakich

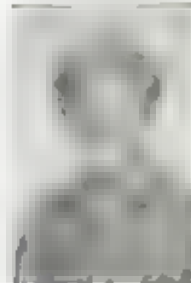
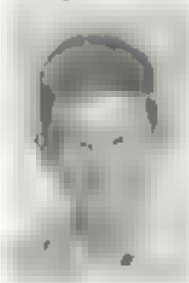
Dave
Rajkovich

Carl
Rabe

Donald
Schwartz

Scott
Schneider

Mike
Schibler



DRAMA

There have been athletic successes and failures, but Mitty theatre and music has always been of the finest quality. The Fall Season saw repertory performances of Arsenic and Old Lace and Tartuffe. The several bands somehow get better every year (the '69-70 group finished third in five western states at Reno); music and Mitty have become synonymous. The following article looks not at the well-known, but turns attention to a solid group of musicians working relatively independent of the Academically Established units.

There are some things this country doesn't need any more of, comedians, construction engineers, and people who want to give their opinions about music. The shame of it all is that some people who really KNOW something about music are never heard above the din of ill-informed disc-jockeys and newsmen who have become instant music critics by virtue of a local festivity. Of course if you

sell a million records or catch the fancy of the right promoter, your opinions on music, revolution, philosophy, etc. will splash across the pages of ROLLING STONE, DOWN BEAT, or even TIME or NEWSWEEK. Mitty's community of musicians who have worked independently to put their ideas into sound, have a wide spectrum of thoughts concerning music, what is its purpose, and where it's going.

Most of the community's artisans are striving to attain an original sound, and some of them, when asked who influenced them took it as an insult, as though they were being asked who they were trying to copy. The "teen Bands" of the early 60s who tried to look and act as much like the Beatles or the Rolling Stones as possible just aren't around anymore. This is good, but a musician should know where his roots are, and be able to recognize his influences. John Coltrane always credited Lester Young and Charlie Parker as being great influences

on his style.

Leon Thomas, avant garde jazz singer and drummer, goes even deeper into his roots and speaks of African music as being a very integral part of his music. For "acid-rock" fanatics, there is not a whole lot to look forward to: it looks more and more as though Jimi Hendrix took his music with him to the grave. But then no form of music ever really dies, its reign as a predominant music may pass, but it continues to influence other people as music itself continues to evolve. It may be as guttural as Dave Anderson put it, "Yeah, I still like that kind of stuff, but everybody's doing it and there's not much chance for a new band breaking into it;" or it may be that music is a form of communication and there are other things to communicate -- like personal thoughts, and new musical ideas.

Steve Fanelli, Dan Dahlhauser, Paul Hathaway, and Brian Sheredy are



David
Storford

Joe
Salerno

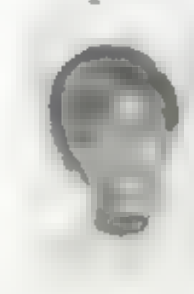
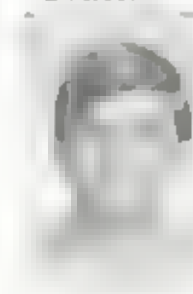
Gregg
Sabatell

Paul
Scudero

Michael
Scutero

Vince
Siquenza

Shawn
James



four Mitty minors who have recently formed a band along with pianist Phyllis Pearson from Mother Butler. Steve, who has played for seven years (mostly 12-string guitar), sat on one of those plasticized benches in the Mitty foyer as he tried to explain in his low, soft-spoken voice where music is going and what its function is.

"Music that was drug oriented, basically started by the Beatles, is starting towards Christianity. Music is a form of communication; you can use music as a sort of tool to touch upon shadows of thought." Leonard Cohen

and Mason Williams have been influences on me. Later I found another member of their band, Dan Dalhauser.

"I've had guitars around me since I was about eight. But I took my first lesson eight months ago, and I had my last lesson seven months ago." He paused for a moment and pushed his shoulder-length, stringy black hair back over his ears, and continued, "I didn't improve at all during that time. I play for my own pleasure, which is why I can't play anything anybody else likes."

I asked him what else he played besides guitar. He said "I can play anything, but just not very well, sometimes not at all." Like Fanelli he couldn't say what his music would really sound like, but offered some ideas, "We play our own music the way it comes out, we let it flow together. We've decided not to decide what it will sound like . . . because we know the range of music is greater than we think."

Dave Anderson was probably best described by one Mitty student: "the Monster that never was." He is tall,



Tom Sipiora

Jeff Smithers

Paul Smith

Tim Smith

Edward Spence

Bill Sprugasci

Dominick Stea

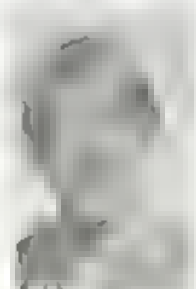




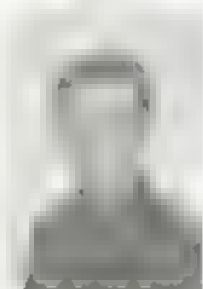
Dennis
Struth



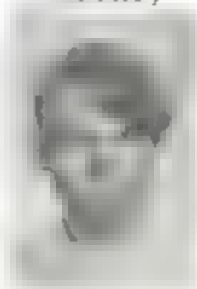
Brian
Sullivan



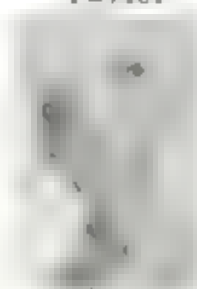
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Sullivan



Kevin
Sweeney



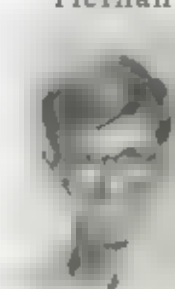
Mike
Taylor



Paul
Telles



Mike
Tiernan





thin, and has long brown hair that covers all but one thin strip of face. That which isn't covered by hair stares through steel-rimmed blue glasses, and smiles a lot when he's in a good mood.

"Where is Rock going? I where is it going? . . . We're trying to play progressive rock," he said of his group, Sweet Rush. "We're TRYING. I think that's the real direction, that's real musicianship . . . stuff like John McLaughlin and Harvey Mandel."

"I'm playing abstract jazz and contemporary jazz" explained the drummer with long hair as he sat across the

table from me. "What I mean by that is total improvisation at a give progression."

Mark Stanford started playing drums at eleven because he was "intrigued by African rhythmicity." He has played with a number of local rock groups and is now working with me in a band that as he puts it "has a variety of styles. Bob (Garcia, Mitty '70, now at SJS) is working with his stuff, I'm working with avante-garde, and I don't know what you're doing."

"What I want to do is play Black jazz; the term Black Jazz means the original foundation which so many people took and screwed . . . It would take a whole page to list all the people who have influenced me; I would say Philly Jo Jones and Cootie Williams." Of the state of music today, "I want the sound to mellow; the sound is mellowing from acid rock. "I like music because it means audio-emotion; it's the only art that can tamper with the inside and fluctuate the nervous system."

Bill Patterson is not your typical idea of a musician. A solo folk guitarist-singer who "jams a lot with friends", he is NOT generally seen sitting in the hallways, guitar in hand, harp in mouth, holding impromptu folk-blues sessions. Clean cut, broad shouldered, Bill is the varsity fullback-defensive end who helped lead Mitty's football team into the first division and almost to a WCAL championship. He does look a lot like a cowboy though when he talks out of the side of his mouth, or when he grins and says, "really whaddya want to interview

Con't. p. 45



Michael Tierney

Ray Townsend

Brian Torres

Andy Trevino

Brady Turner

Tom Vanderbosch

Terry Vane



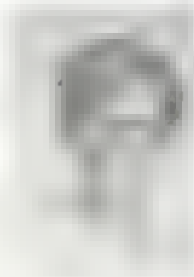
MR. ODDO



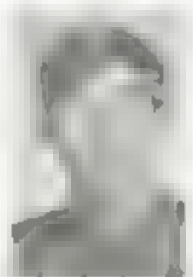
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Valletta



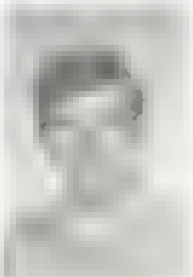
Art
Van Overin



Joe
White



Tim
Wilkinson



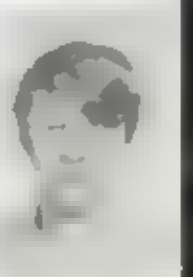
Andy
Williams



Mark
Winderler



Bruce
Wynn



AND THE MUSICIANS



Ken
Wall

Sean
Watt

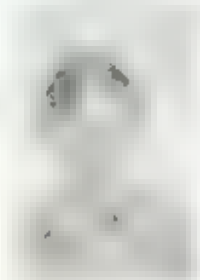
E.L.
Weiner

Lex
Wells

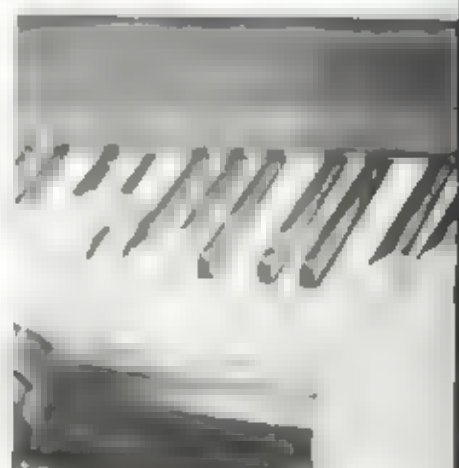
Jim
Whalen

Mark
Yandow

Chris
Zanette



PRACTICE



Fred
Ackerman

Jim
Adams

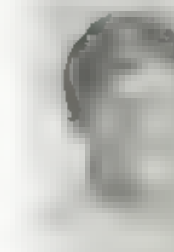
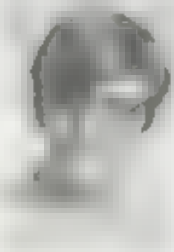
Tim
Allen

Eric
Anderson

Donald
Arnold

Jim
Atwell

Mike
Azevedo





Deran
Bacon

Dennis
Baldwin

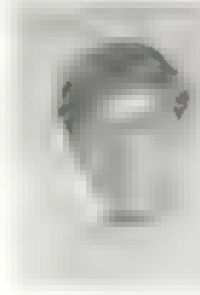
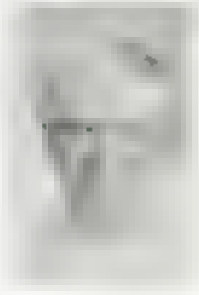
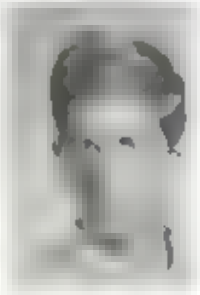
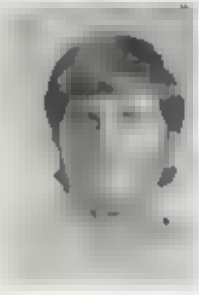
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Steve
Baratta

Oscar
Barragan

John
Bartz

Mike
Bauer



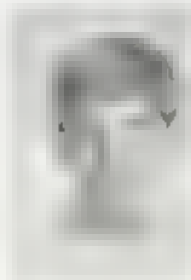
PERFORMANCE



Chris
Bennett



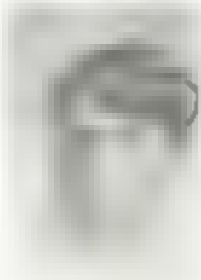
Mike
Genton



Joan
Lorge



Michael
Bradford



Dave
Brady



Vic
Branders



Anthony
Trindis



me for? . . . Folk music, I play it because I like it. I don't know, just enjoy playing it." He is not trying to copy a style either. He does not talk a lot about communication, or self expression, he just plays it because it makes him feel good.

Rick Costa is a musician whom I have a very strong respect for. I got to know him about one year ago, back in the days of closed campus when you had to sneak over to Queen of Apostles to have a smoke. Rick is the lead guitarist with a group called Stone Free. He first started playing music in the first grade with the accordeon, and continued that instrument through the third grade. He took up guitar five years ago, and now writes instrumentation and sings in addition to his guitar work.

"Our music does bear resemblance to other types of music, but it is not like any other music you've heard. We've asked people to classify it, but nobody can put a specific label on it. We use hidden meanings and symbolic

lyrics, but that's as much as you can come to classifying it, other than saying it's a type of rock. I can't think of anybody who has really influenced me; Eric Clapton is the only guitarist I can really listen to and get into.

"I can't speak for all music; a lot of people are doing things I don't agree with 100%, but I can tell you where MY head's at. I don't believe in staying in one place too long, because the world is constantly changing and the message has to change. The message helps people see things as they really are, and that's what Stone Free is all about.

"I play music because you do whatever turns you on and this is what happens to turn me on . . . when I first started playing, I realized I could communicate with my instrument. After I got more involved and I started to play professionally, I realized I could transmit vibrations to other people, to people in the audience. . . . that's what music is all about, that's why jam sessions are so

fascinating. You can take control of a jam for a while, you don't have to be playing lead, you can get the whole group working on your ideas. But, you can only keep control for so long, and then you need someone else's ideas. That's what makes music exciting, everybody's ideas."

Music is an art, and like any other art is many-faceted. The attempt to capture the ideas of some of these musicians can only be a glimpse of what there is going on in the community. Innumerable guitarists, drummers, horn players and composers are working with their ideas in this school, and only a few have been mentioned.

Come tomorrow many of these ideas may have died or been forgotten, others may have, will have, possibly evolved into something valuable. The artist continues to try to work it out because, in the words of guitarist Steve Strunk, "You just do what you have to do."

--John Mix



Charles Brown

Tim Buchanan

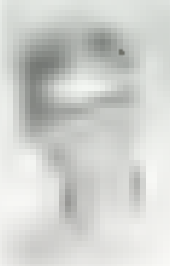
James Butler

John Davis

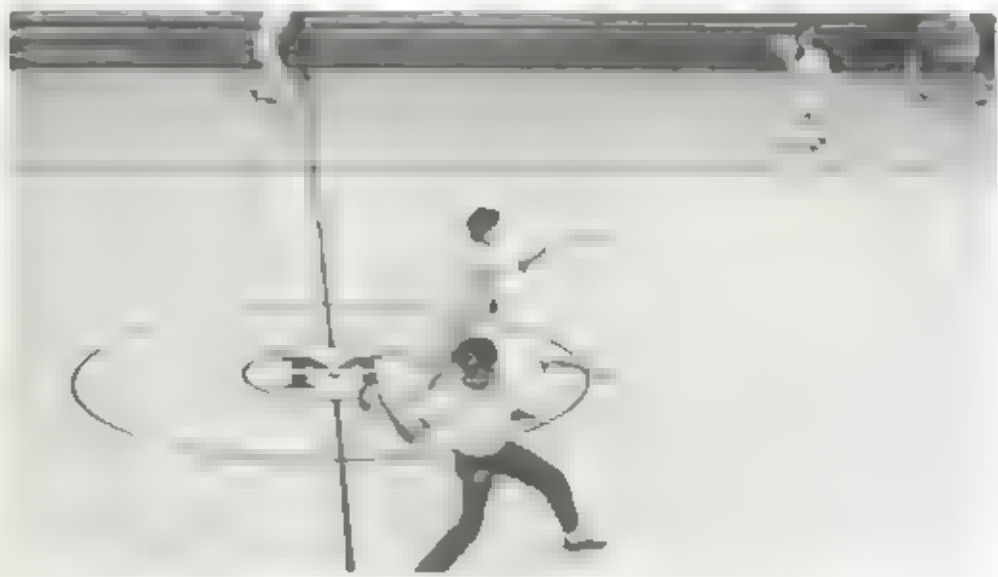
Pete Caputo

Neil Carroll

Kip Ceccarelli



CHAMINADE DAY



Bernie
Cesano

Greg
Changras

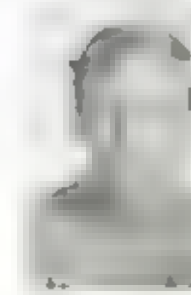
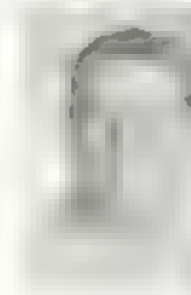
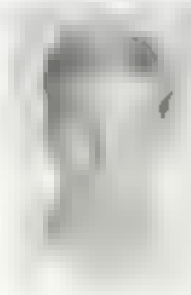
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Dave
Chiappe

Ron
Cieslak

Carl
Cumino

Steve
Clarke





Alan
Conry

Tony
Corica

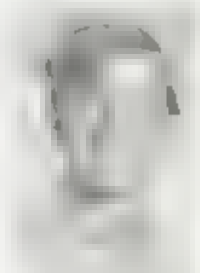
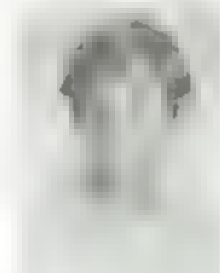
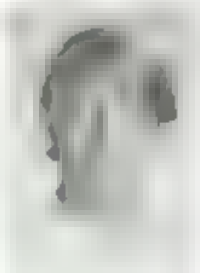
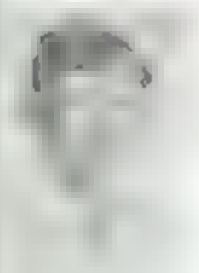
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Jim
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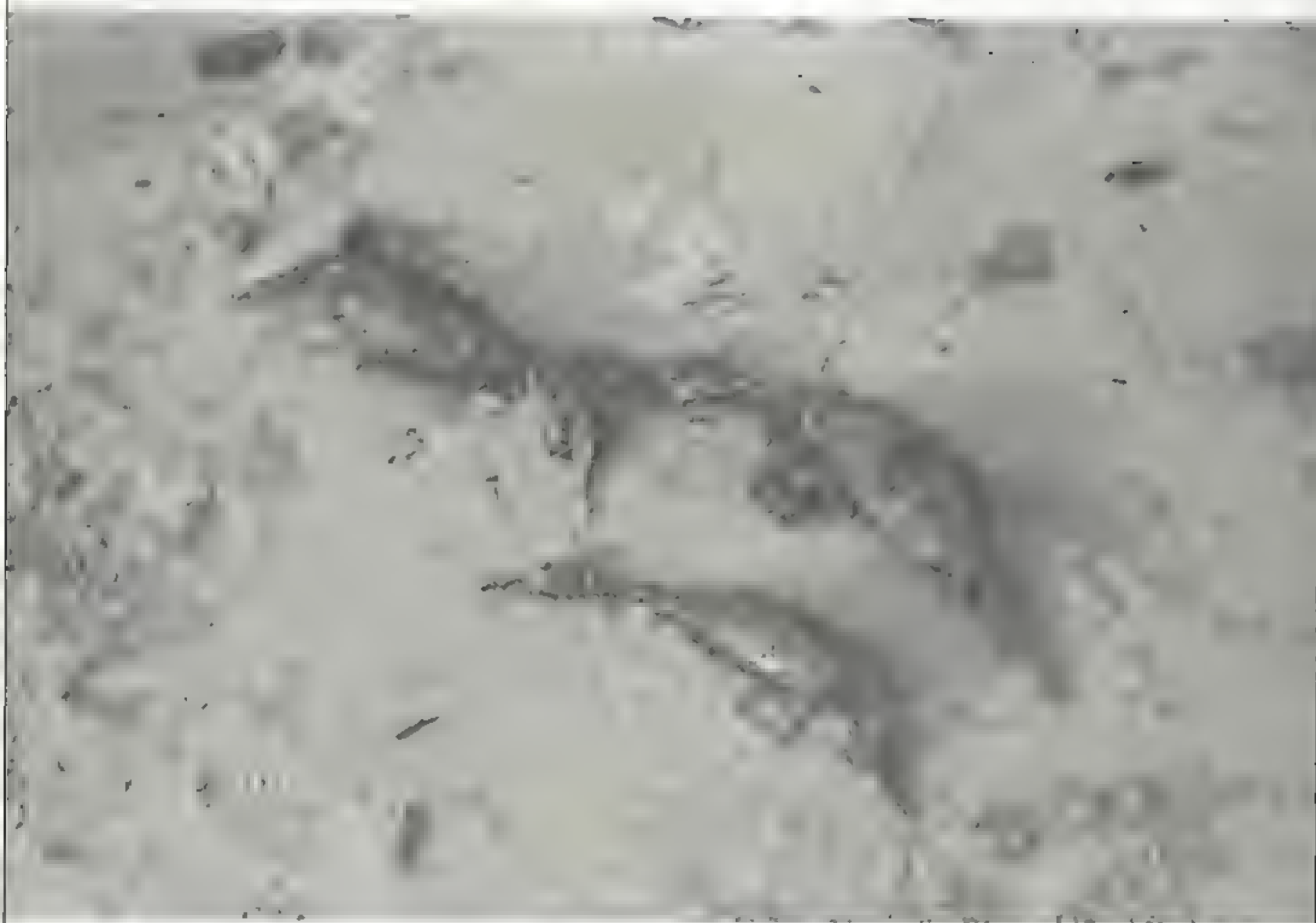
Mike
Crawford

Jerry
Creegan

Steve
Dale



THANK YOU STANDARD OIL



Bruce Daley

Dan De Groot

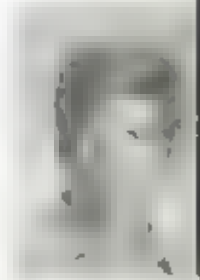
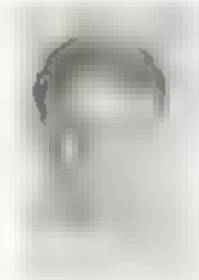
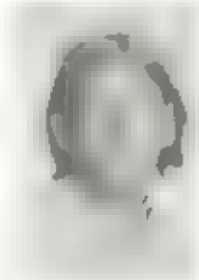
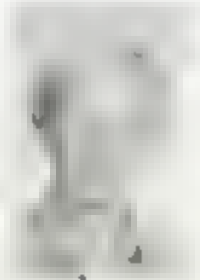
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James Depaolis

Steve Devincenzi

Robert Dipallo

Robert Di Paol





Paul Dixon

James Edmonds

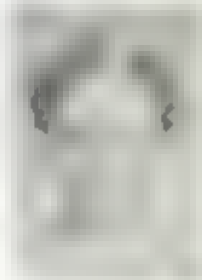
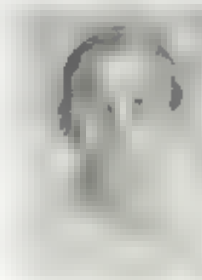
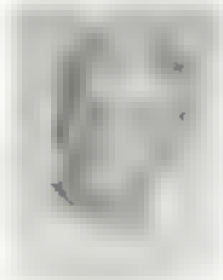
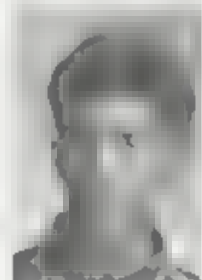
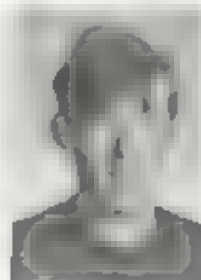
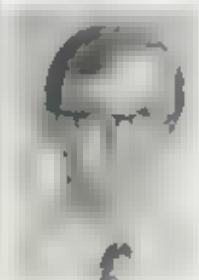
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Carl Estrella

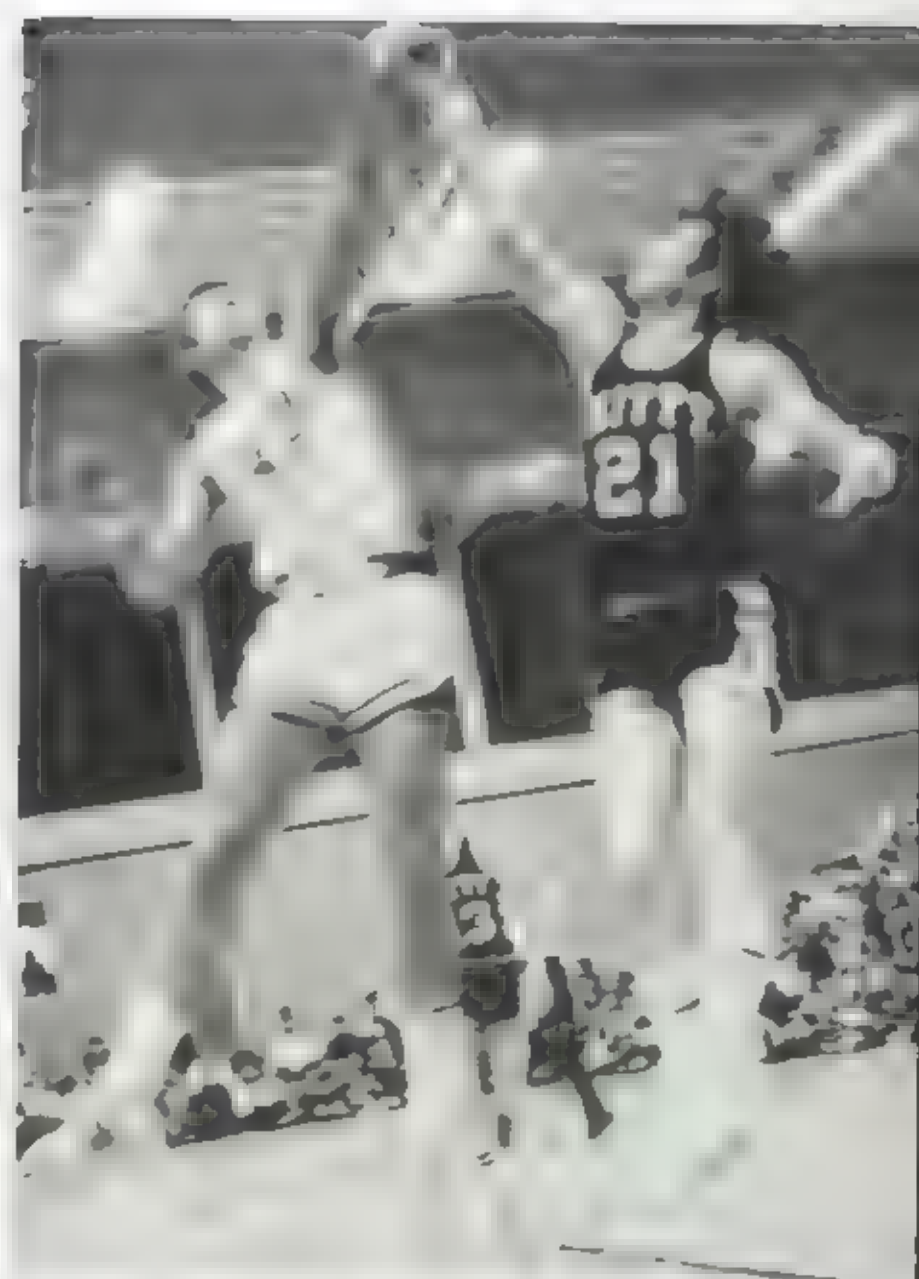
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Gerry Freitas

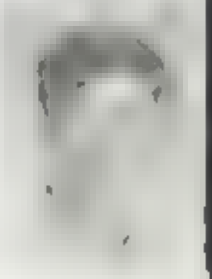
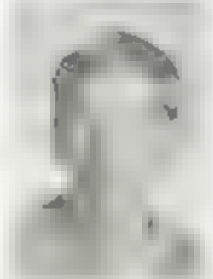
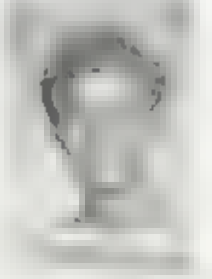
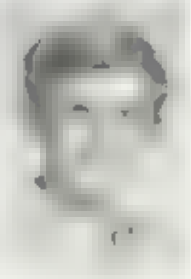
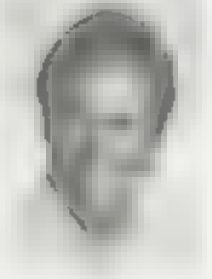
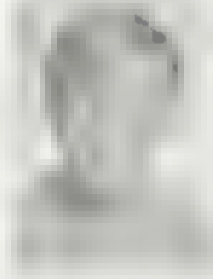
Kevin Furey



BUCHSER TOURNAMENT



Mike Garcia Dennis Gavin Mike Gill Joe Gillick Matt Green Keith Greene Gary Griggs





After 45 summer league victories, the Men's Varsity basketball contingent took a 6-0 preseason record into the Western Tournament, winning it convincingly, placing Hile and Platte on the all-tournament team. Three games later the Monarchs were 12-0 as the WCCAL, Northern California's toughest league, began. At the end of the first round, the record was 15-3 and the Monarchs were under the gun. Only time would tell if the team who had known out of the gym 94-84 could successfully pull themselves together for the run for the title.



Rob
Cuerrero

Tom
Cunane

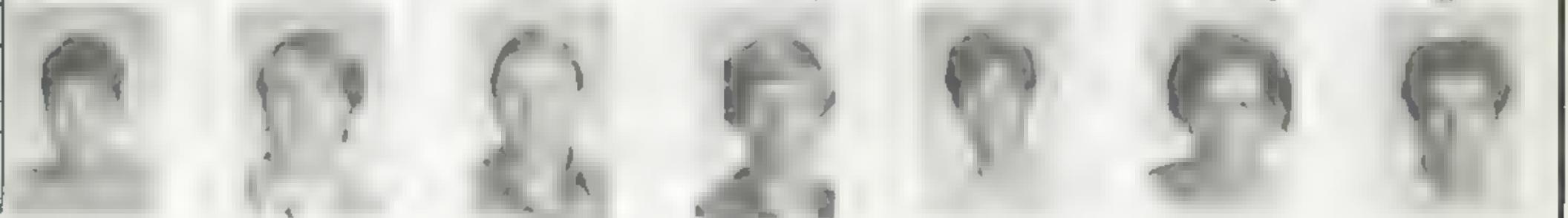
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Cullett

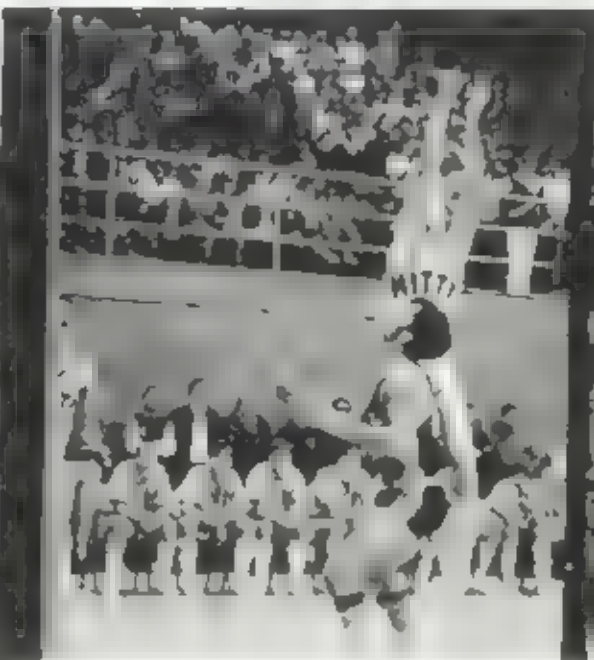
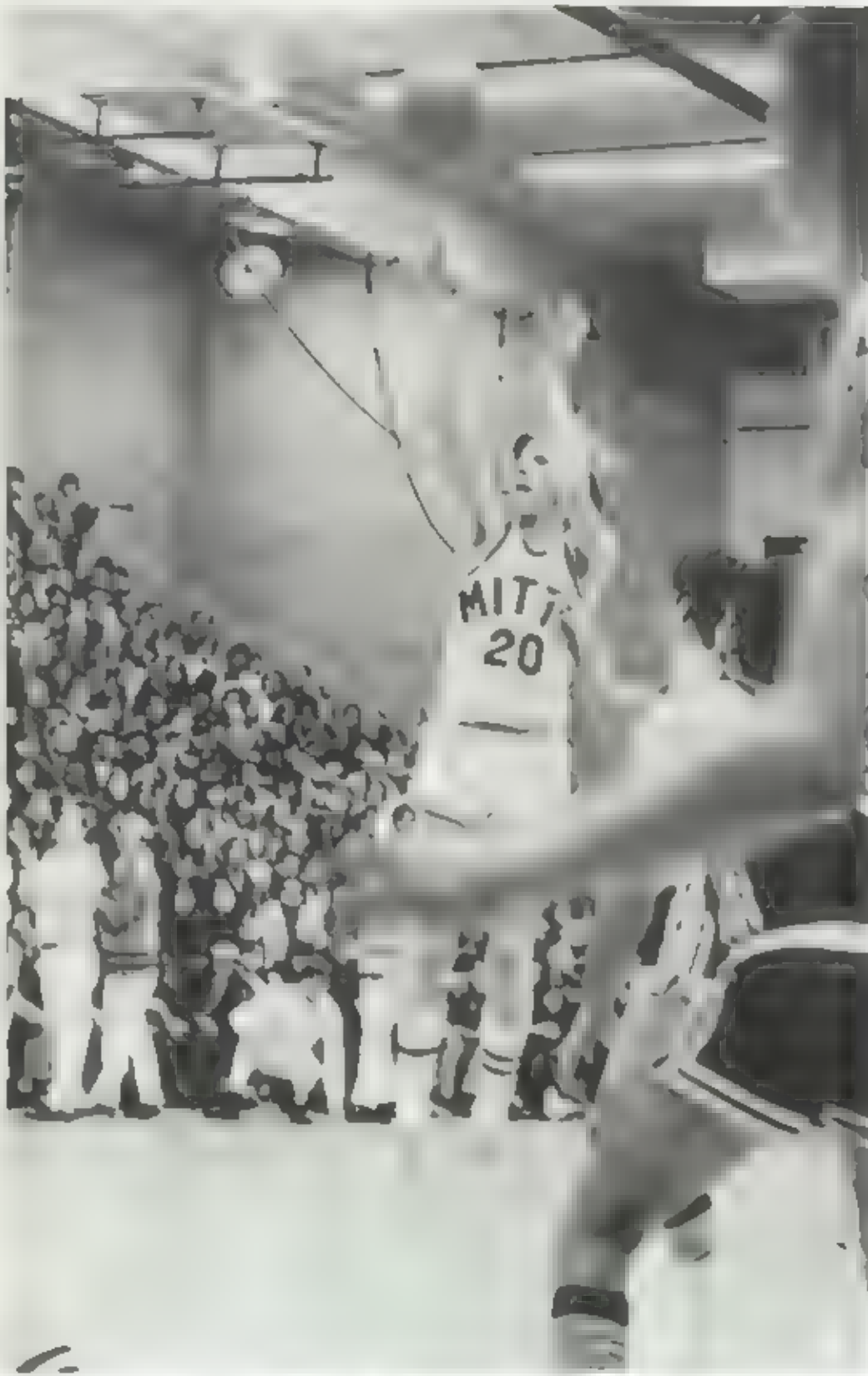
Mark
Henrichs

Anthony
Hernandez

Paul
Hernandez

Mark
Hogan





Scott
Jimenez

Dan
Johnson

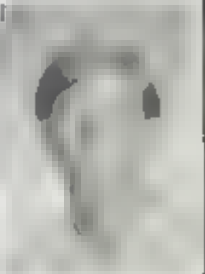
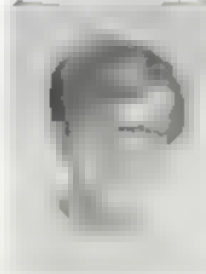
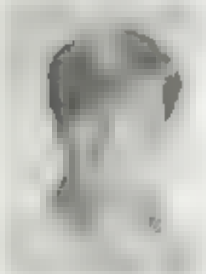
Dana
Kammersgard

Mike
Kelleher

Sean
Kendall

Chris
King

Don
Klunder





Ron Kolegraff

Doug Kremer

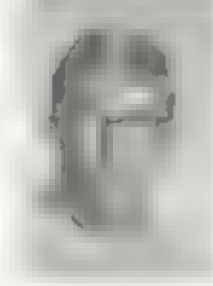
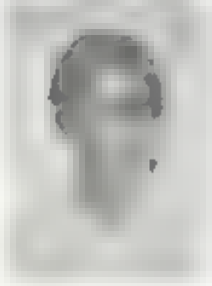
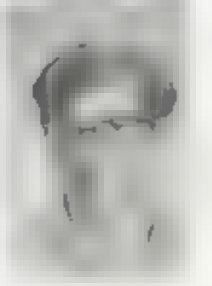
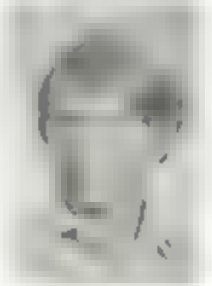
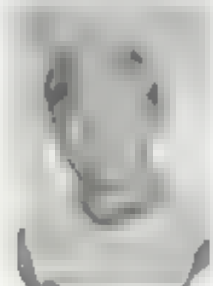
Robert Kucera

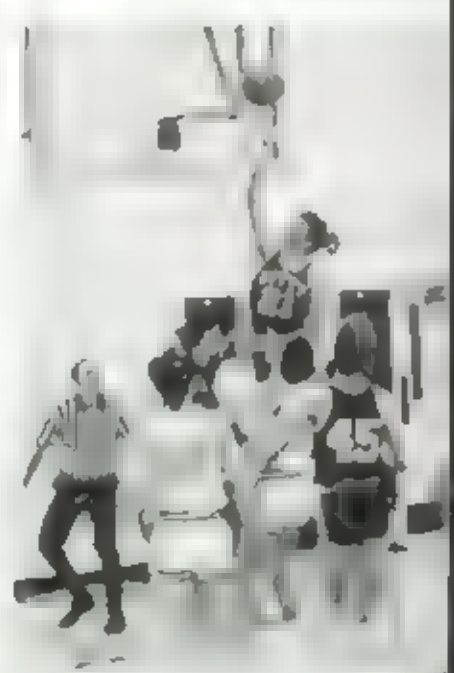
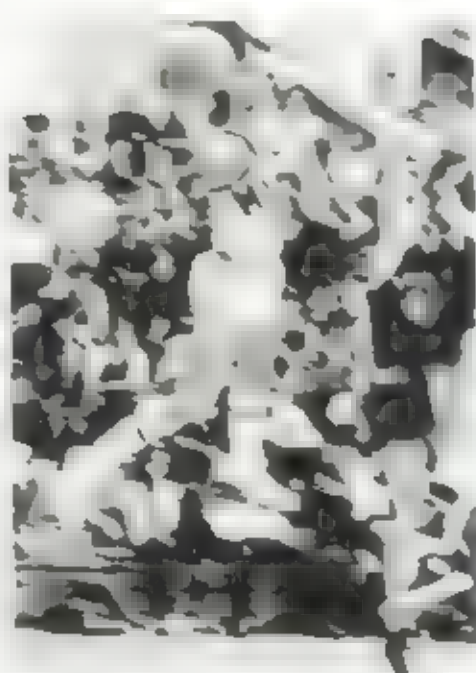
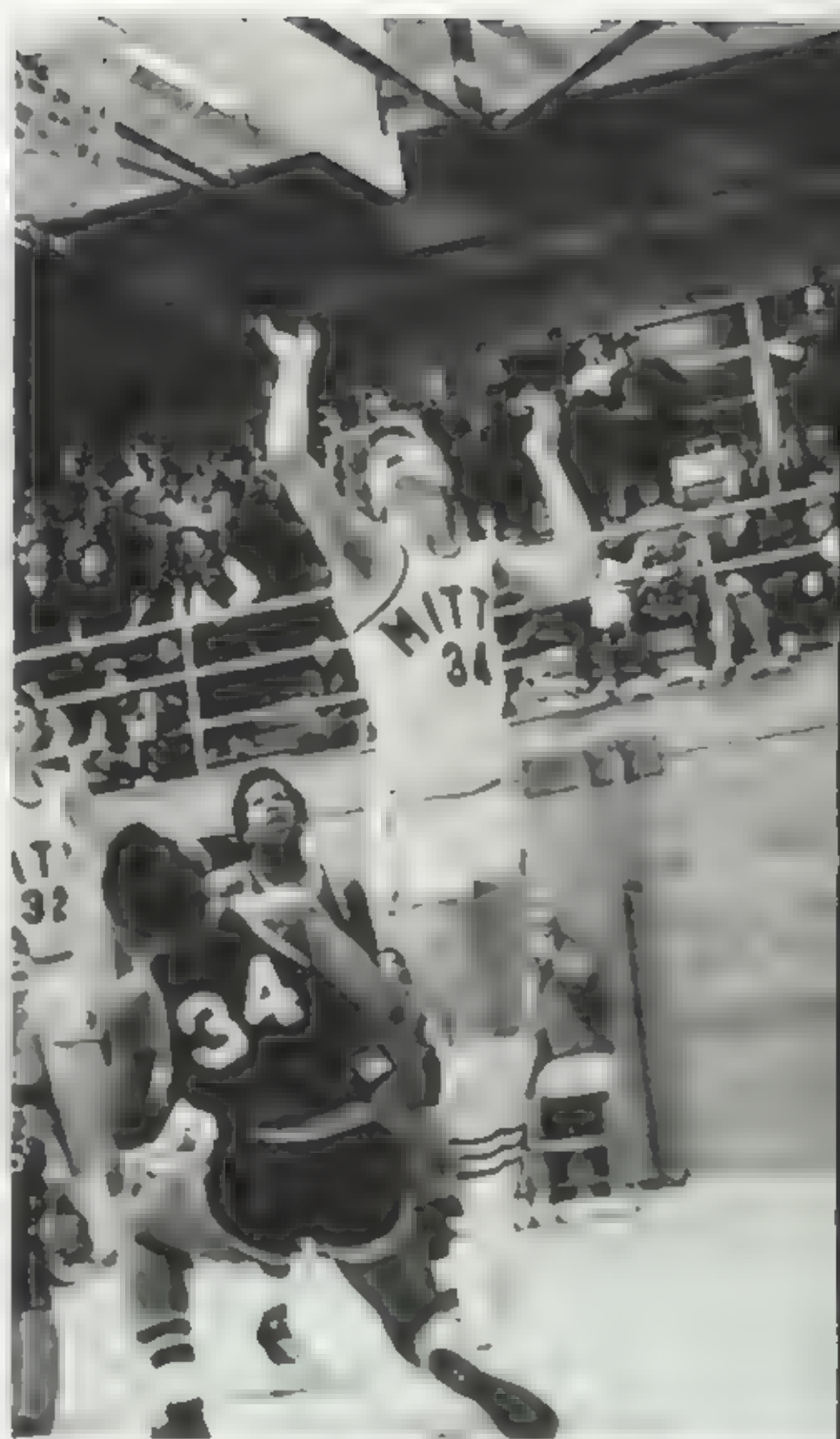
Paul Landry

Mark Leary

Jenn Liebmann

Gary Linney





Patric
Mansfield

Anthony
Macaluso

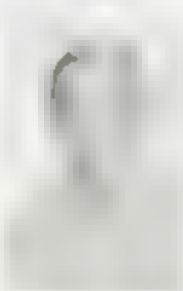
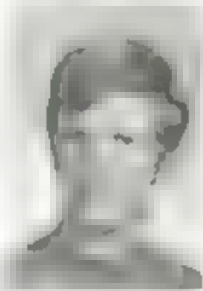
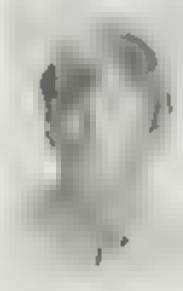
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Lynch

Jack
Lutes

Dennis
Lyden

Sam
Long

Brian
Lorenz





Richard
Marovich

Tony
Martin

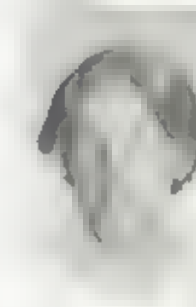
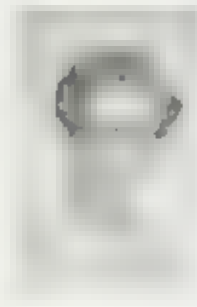
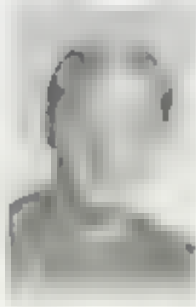
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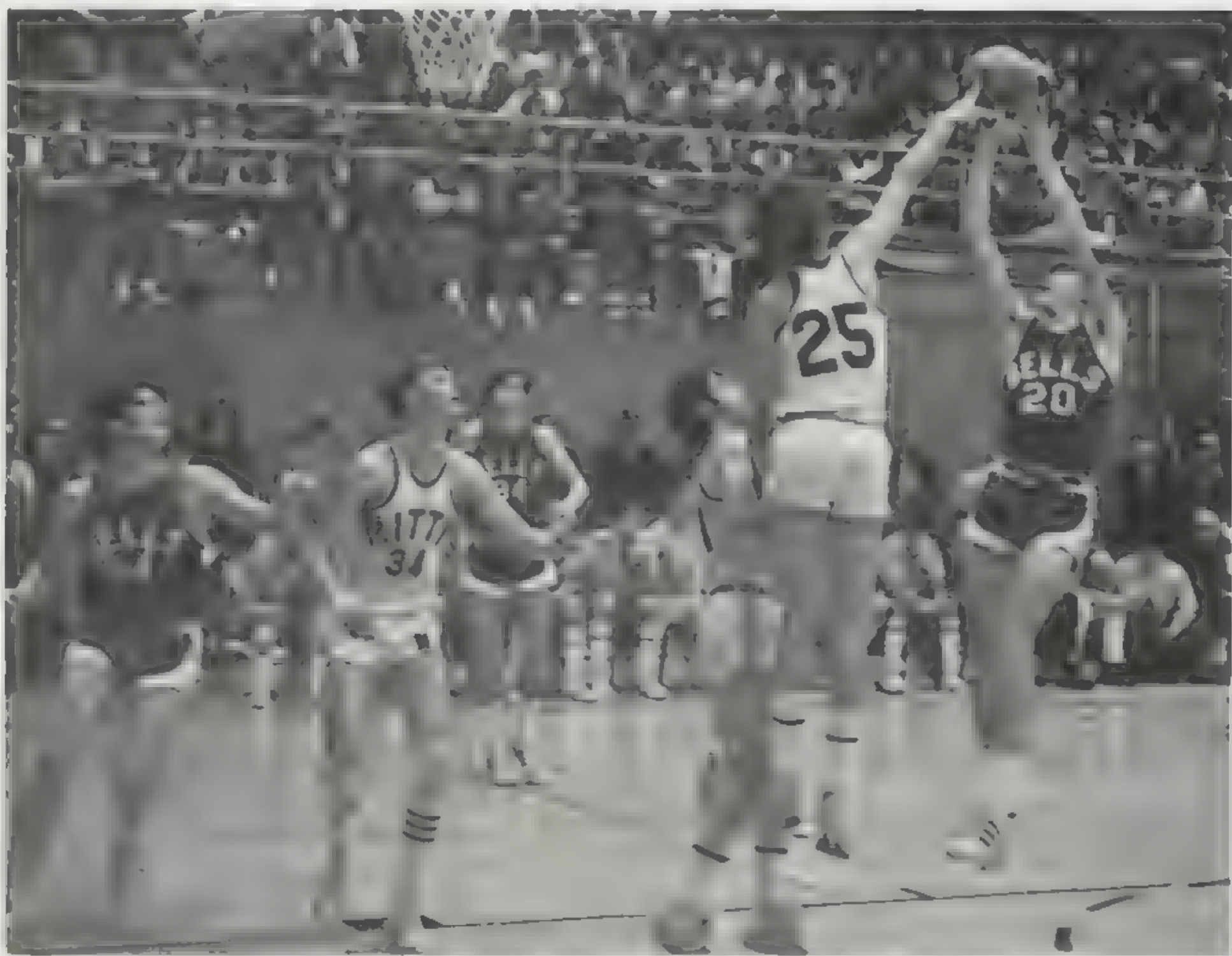
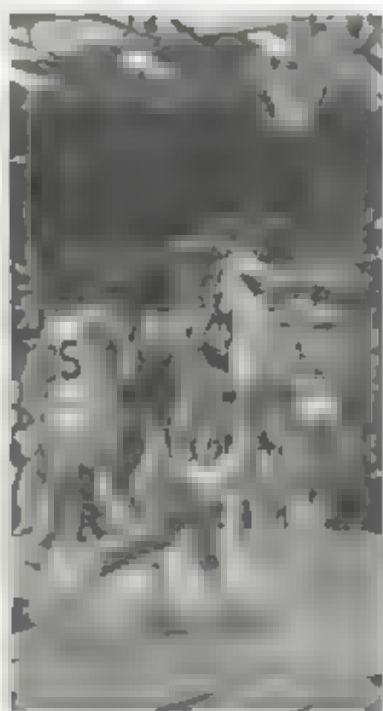
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Mazzeo

Dave
McAdams

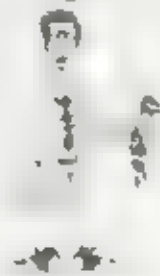
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John
McIntosh

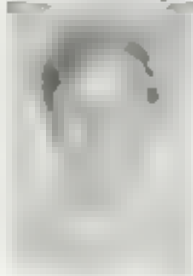




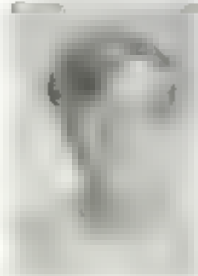
Fitzgerald



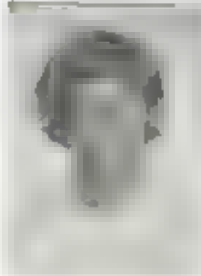
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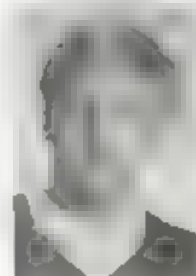
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McKezie



Robert
Mezzetti



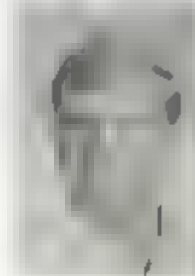
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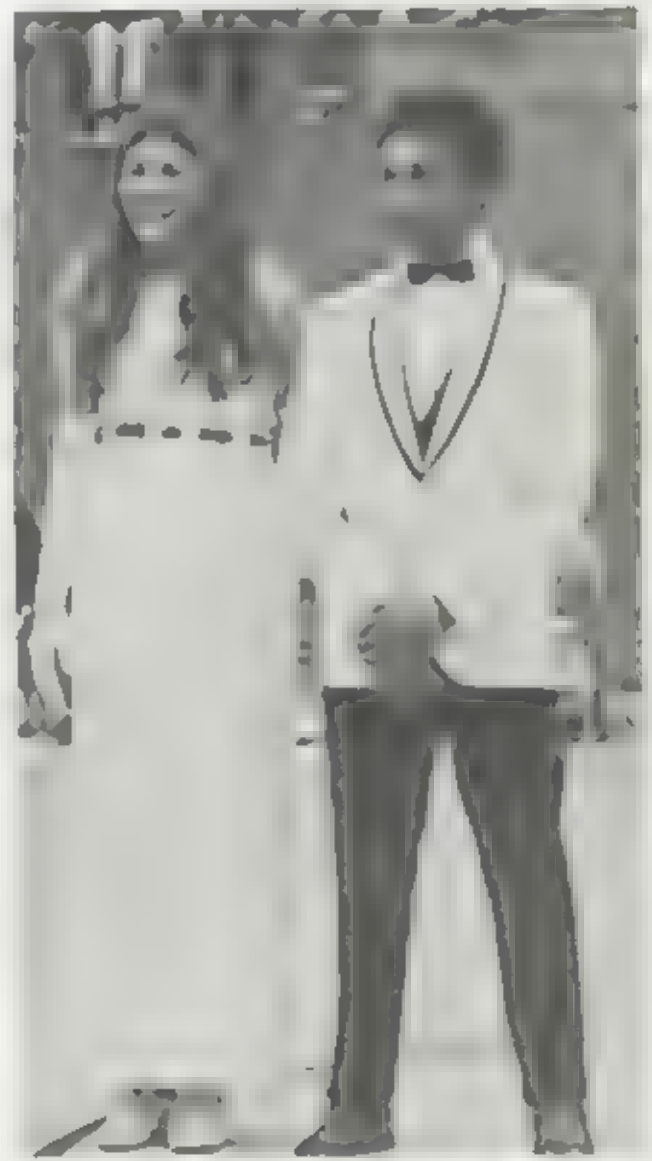
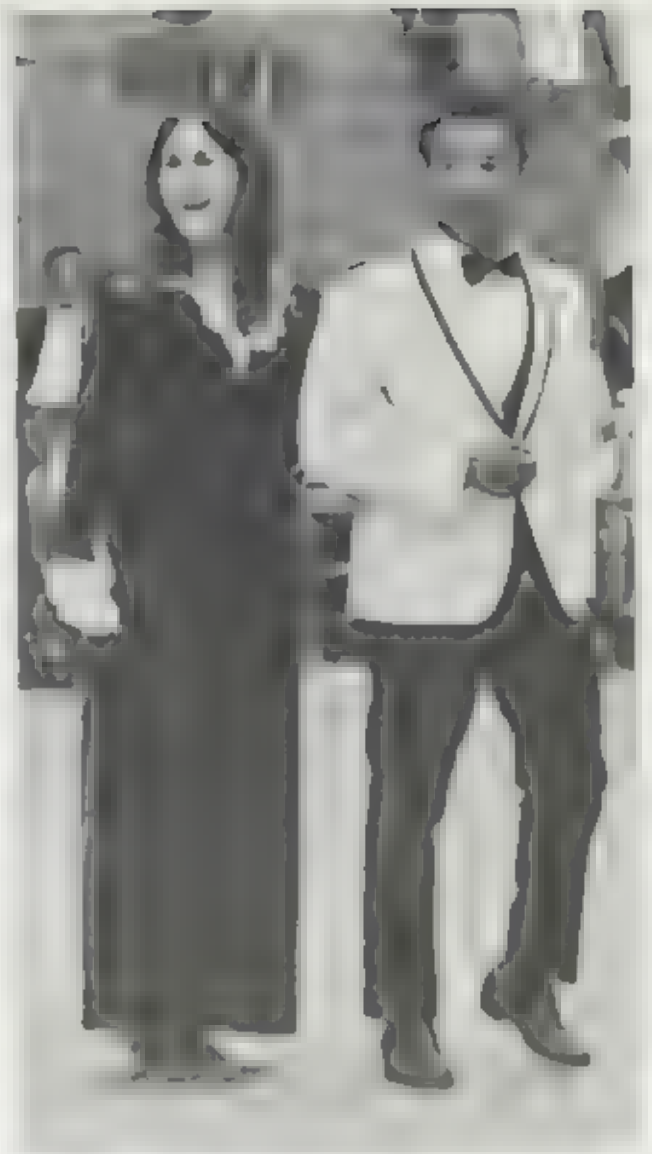


Rod
Miller



Mike
Mim Mack





Bruce
Minnery

John
Mlotke

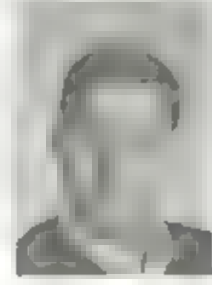
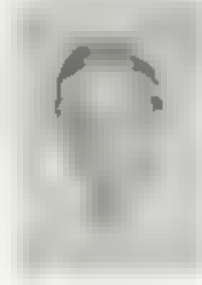
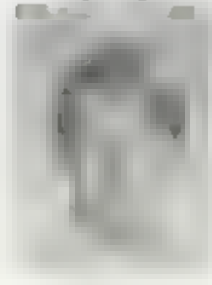
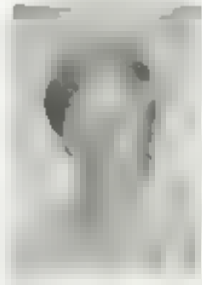
Greg
Mushiae

Dan
Nagengast

Terry
Navarra

Fred
Nieri

Granades



S.F. 65
Mitty 56



Mitty 67
Serra 55



Mitty 68
Riodan 59



Mitty 75
Bells 63



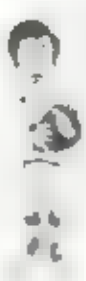
Mitty 60
S.I. 40



Ray
Townsend



Rick
Hile



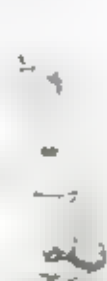
Tom
Gray



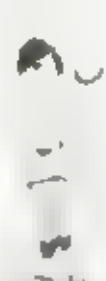
Dave
Pluto



Rick
Robertson



Tim
Walsh



Dan
Sullivan





Mitty 59
S.H. 50



Mitty 18
S.H. 32



Mitty 73
S.H. 52

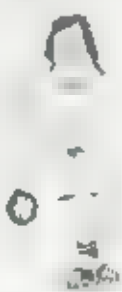


Mitty 61
S.H. 15



First Team All
League - Tom Gray
Honorable
Mention: Dave Pluto
and Jack Robertson.

Matt
Green



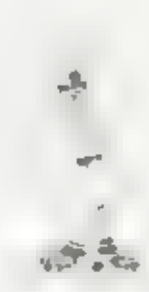
John
Poy



Chris
Costella



Loafman



Bill
Pooley



Rick
Costella



Karl
Morin





Mitty had to come a long way to win the league, but the great offensive play of Tom Gray brought the Monarchs to the Playoffs. Mitty nabbed the title from the Lancers grasp as Dave Pluto took it to St. Francis' heralded Paul Bosovich in the WCAL Shaughnessy. Rick Hile played at top form, Dan Sullivan and Tim Walsh played better than ever, and Rick "Robbie" Robertson dominated whomever he was called upon to defense. "To be the best you've got to beat the best," Coach Fitzgerald said, and his Monarchs did just that. Lancer Tom Ganley (WCAL MVP) was snuffed and fouled out of both title tilts while superb Lancer junior Steve Plut never did get it together as Tom Gray played feverishly and Pluto put on a show to bring the gold to Mitty 5000.



Both Westmoor and Hillsdale looked to waylay the Monarchs enroute to the Region 1 Championship. Playing erratically the Monarchs still won handily as neither Westmoor nor Hillsdale were as tough as the leading WCAL teams. There were good words for Hillsdale's Schram ("...best player we've seen.") as the victorious Monarchs headed up the road to Stanford's expensive (rent: \$3,250 per night) Maple Pavilion and the CIF Finals Central Coast Section.

Mark
Nolan



Paul
Nolan



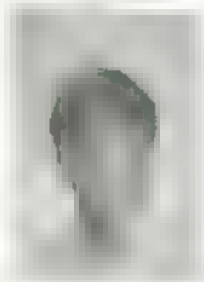
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Occhipinti



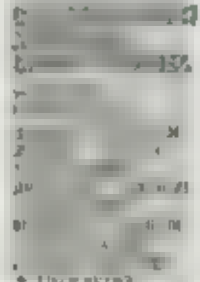
Kelly Z.
O'Connell

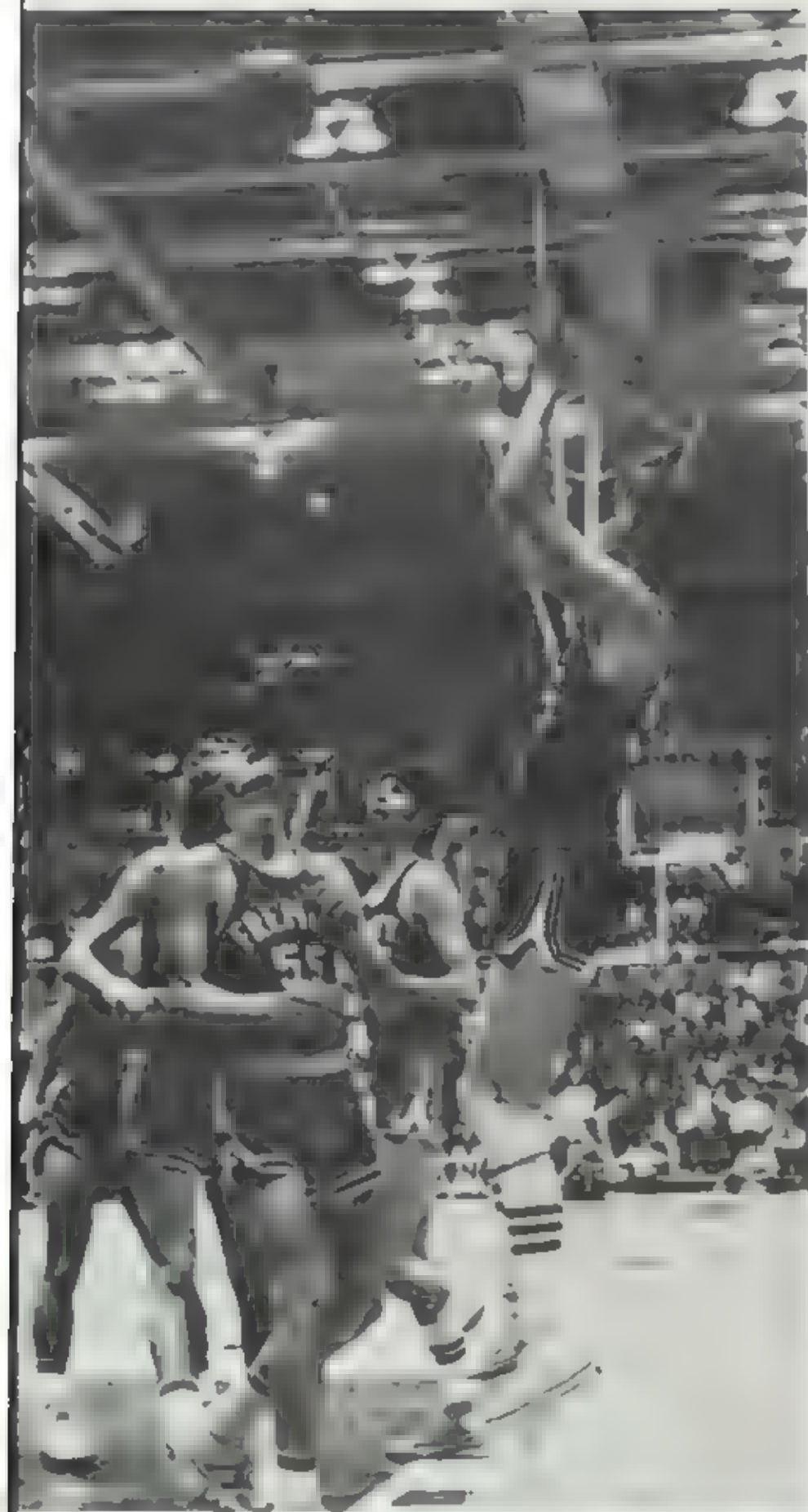


Tom
Pardini



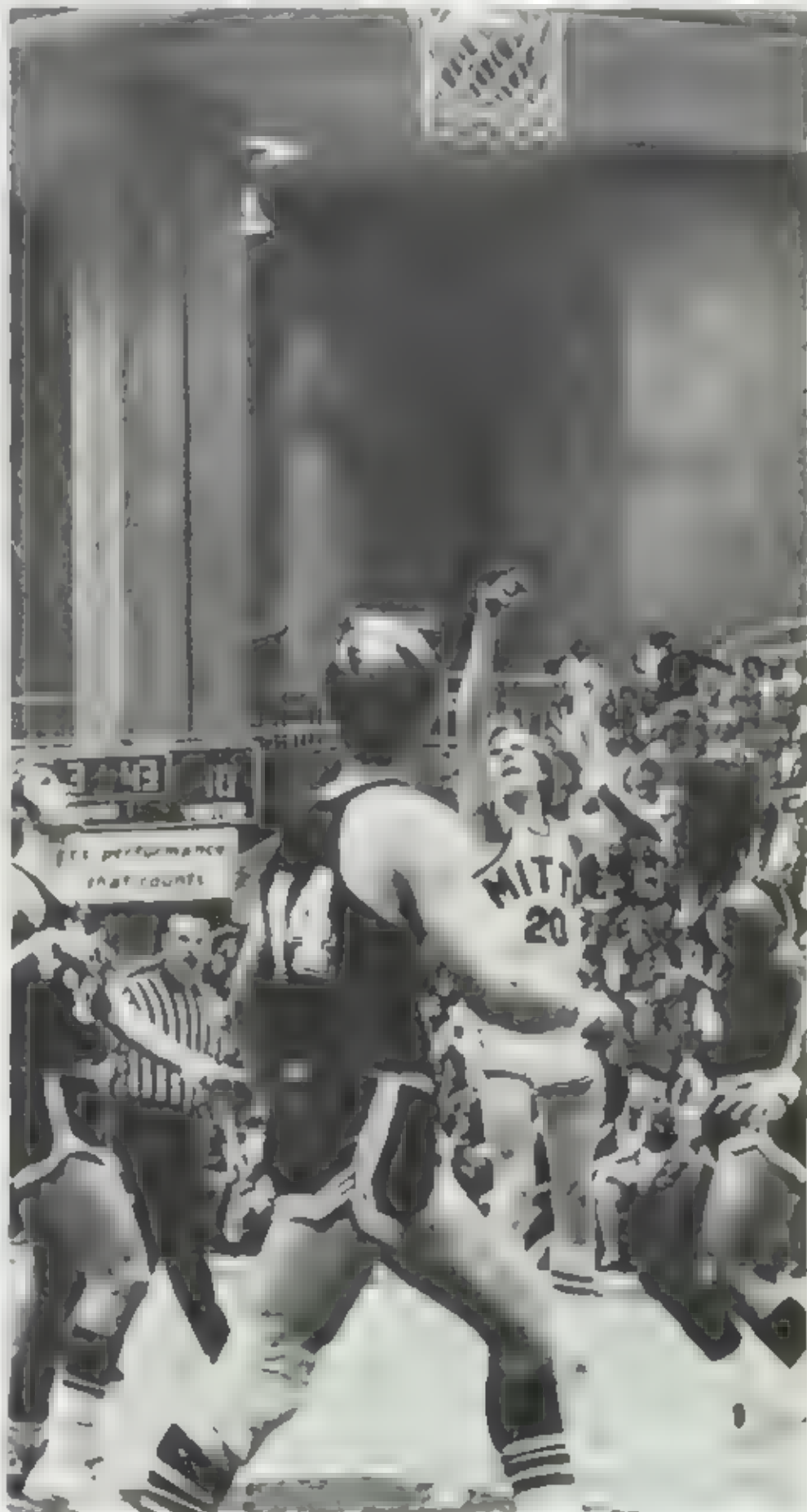
Robert
Parlato





Region 1 representatives had never made the Finals and the Fremont Indians (26-1) figured to beat Mitty (25-4) in the semi-final. Rated first in the Central Coast Section all season, Fremont never knew what hit them as Mitty raced to a 20-4 first quarter lead. After that it was stumble and stagger with Mitty's superb defense compensating for a horrible night of sloppy basketball. Bright light of the night was Robbie Robertson's destruction of the vaunted Fremont guard Gary Hoffman (seven points) and the fortunate fact the Indians folded before an honest WCAL defense. Mitty had played poorly and still won.

The next night tall Alisal (6'5", 6'8", 6'10") took it to the Monarchs. Rick Hile, whose superb senior season had been the key to Mitty success, turned cold. Dave Pluto couldn't operate inside. Robbie and Sully kept the Monarchs close at the half. Big Dave went to the board in the second half but Alisal's Robert Higgins hit six clutch free throws (thank you referee Dick Ferguson) and the Monarchs' greatest season ended unhappily, 59-57. Mitty had five more field goals than Alisal, but 23 charity tosses to 11 Monarch attempts proved the decider. Pon's Raiders, Rookie Ray, Karl, Tim, Sully, Robbie, Dave, Tom, and Rick. Thanks for the memories.



Joe
Pattin

Dave
Petrucchi

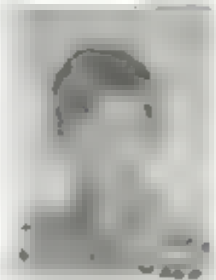
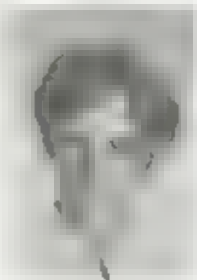
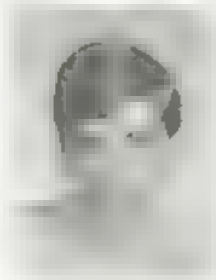
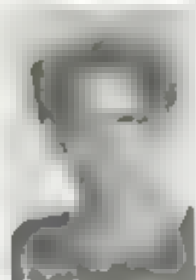
Marc
Petta

Gary
Piech

Steve
Pirota

Jerome P.
Pluto

ARTHUR C. CLARK
CHILDHOOD'S END





Paul
Pooley

Mike
Raney

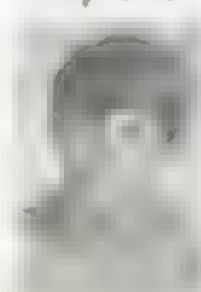
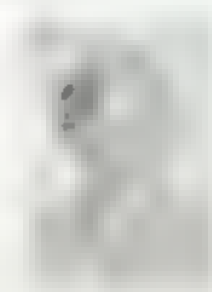
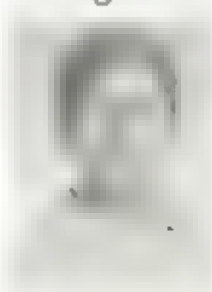
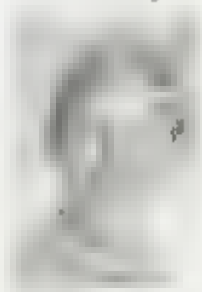
Jim
Regalado

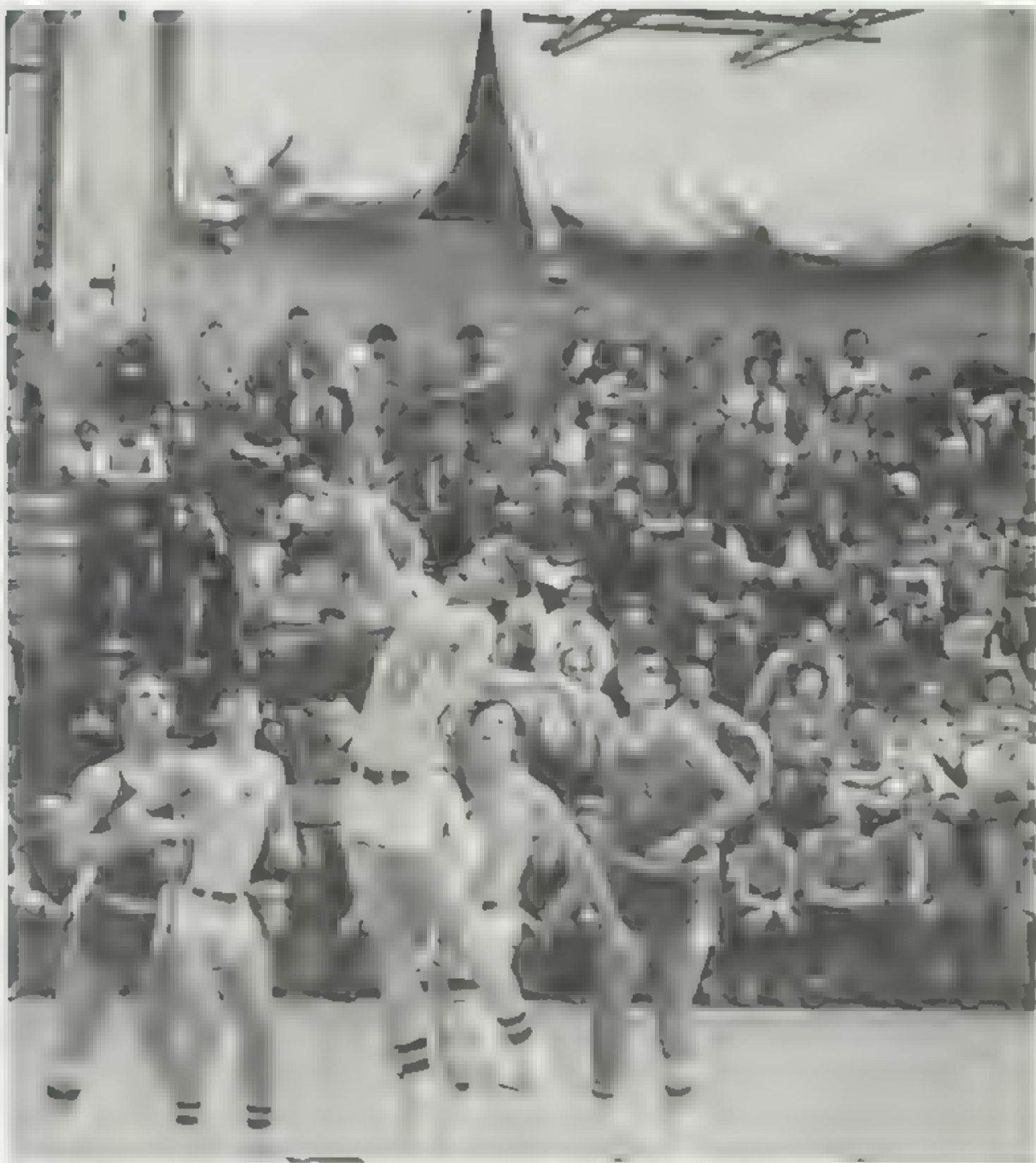
Amos Houland
Rendler

Marc
Reynolds

Mike
Riley

ANDROMEDA





Mike
Richter

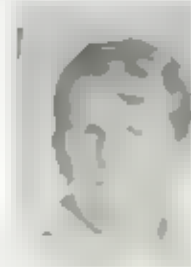
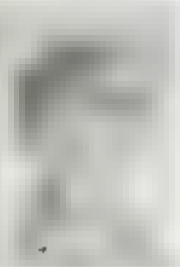
Greg
Robertson

Joe
Roy

Van Q.
Ryan

Andy
Santiago

Mark
Sanders



MITTYS MOST CLASSIC MOMENT



Jerry Sabatino

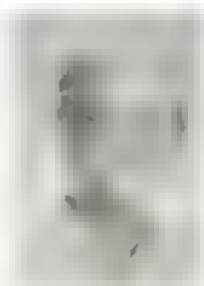
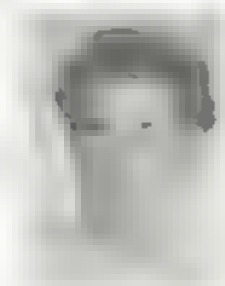
Charles Sabatino

Mark Scheideler

Michael Sipiora

Robert Smith

Steve Soars





Jim Stapleton

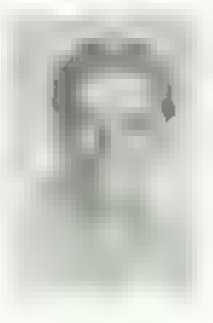
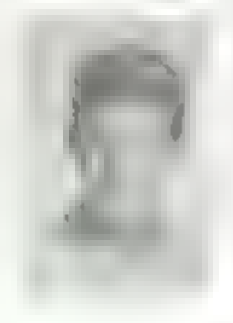
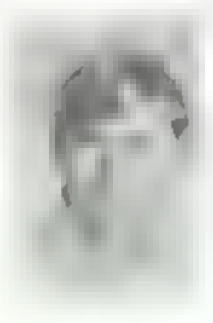
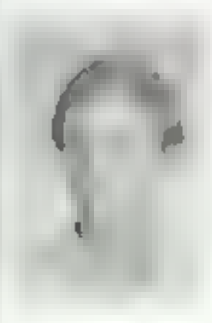
Al Sturla

Steve Sulgit

Bruce Sullivan

James Sutherland

Steve Taormino





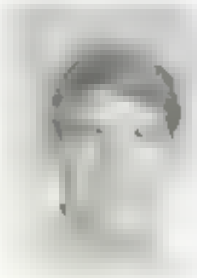
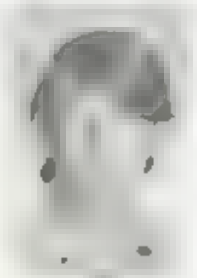
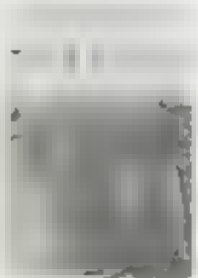
Thomas Taylor

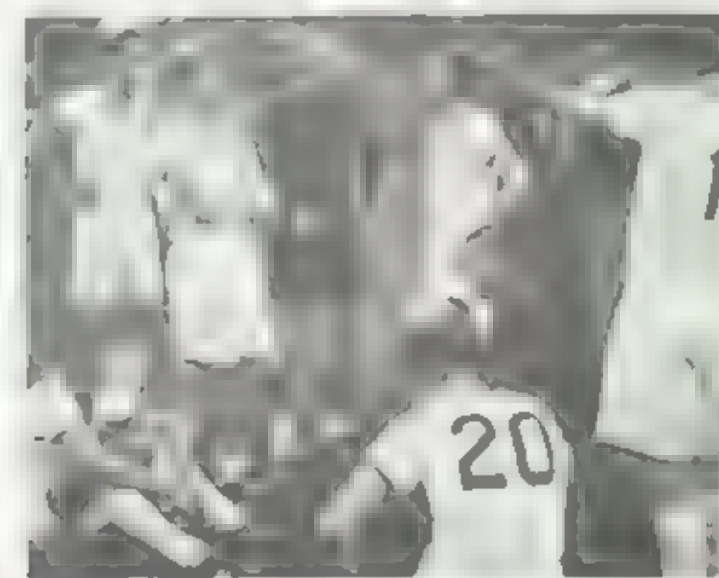
Clark Vellis

Jerome Venneman

Bernard Vogel

Gary Von Raesfeld Michael Vukel





Jim Ales

Mark Grenier

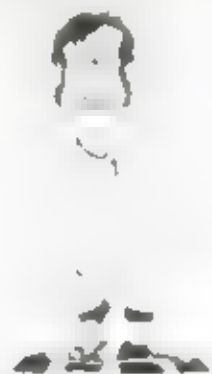
Bill Bartling

Tom Fleischli

Gene Mim Mack

Pat Higgins

1st Team



This season's Monarch Varsity Booters didn't have the record of the previous Central Coast Sectional Finalists, but broken bones, pulled muscles, and sprains took more of a toll than opponents' skill. The Monarchs tied the S.I. Wildcats before a record crowd at Kezar Stadium in the finest match of the year. But the cost was great as super Pat Higgins played the remainder of the season with a broken foot, gamely, but not well enough for the Monarchs to return the title to Mitty for a second season.

Tom Fleischli (Varsity Football, Soccer, and Golf) led the WCAL in goals (17) and was joined on the All-League first team by Gene Mim Mack and Pat Higgins. Second team all-league were inspirational Jeff Schwertly, Dan Stringari, and Mike Salerno.



Buchanas



Benton



Buck



Vernacchiu



Stringari





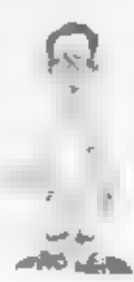
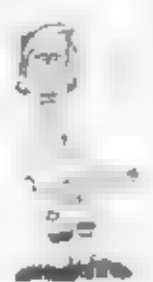
Thibault

Wittsten

Chaplik

Figel

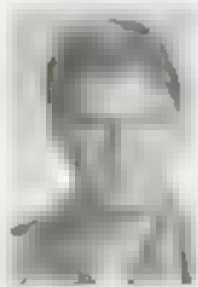
Baggott



FROSH AND JV SOCCER



Tony
Vukelich



Bob
Wadsworth



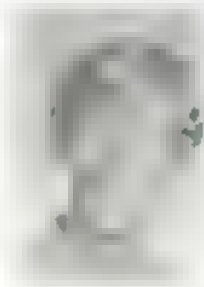
Pat
Wallace



Mike
Wallace



Mike
Walters

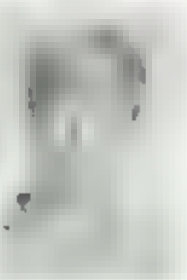


Chris
Waters





Dustin
Weiland



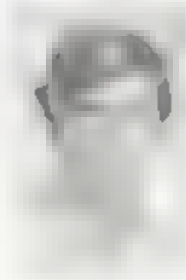
Kevin
Welch



Mark
Wolny



Chris
Wynn



Alan
Wyosnick



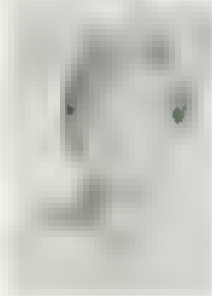
James
Ales



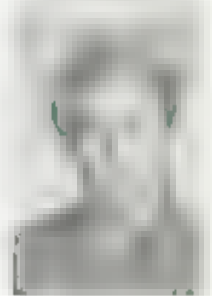
STUDENT GOVERNMENT



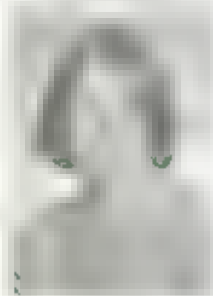
Steve
Alley



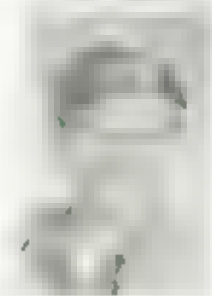
Brian
Anderson



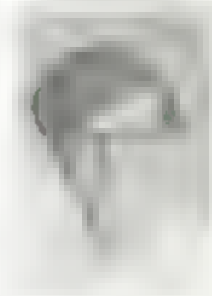
Dave
Anderson



Jim
Anderson



Tom
Amench



Dave
Azevedo





Today more than 10,000 high schools have student governments, but the vast majority are "governments" in name only. Many are instituted to allow students to play games, many represent only elite groups within the school, many have only the power to advise, and hopefully to be listened to, many are "bucking" Administrations lacking the foresight to see we are entering an era that requires direct student participation in educational matters which directly affect them. And finally, many must contend with faculties who desire to maintain the "status quo."

As the school year comes to a close we see the legacy of past Mitty Student Governments, a government not instituted to play games, that represents the entire Student Body, has the power to advise AND to act, willing to change to meet the needs of the students and the Mitty Community.

-- Phil Sumner, Director of Student Activities



Chris
Baggot

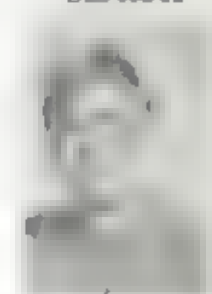
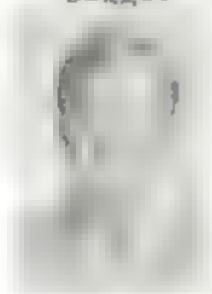
John
Baggot

Pete
Balbiani

Pete
Barnes

Tom
Barnes

John
Bartlett





STUDENT GOVERNMENT

There is always the danger, when the head of a government turns introspective that he will gloss over the weaknesses of his administration. I will try to be as objective as possible in my appraisal of Student Government this year.

The Cabinet, which I set up after my election, proved to be the backbone of Student Government. It was here that the actual work was done in serving the needs of the students. All the planning, coordinating, in short, the Executive side of Student Government was done here. Everything from the daily announcements to the planning of rallies was accomplished in the Cabinet, by myself and the Chairmen I appointed.

When school began this year, Student Government was over \$700 in debt. By the middle of the second quarter, this debt was erased and the Student Body Treasury was placed at plus \$300. This was due largely to the first three dances of the year which were successfully organized by the Dance Committee.

With the combined effort of a hard-working staff and Activities Director Mr. Sumner, the newly formed Student Services Committee was very successful. It effectively took over responsibilities which the school had previously handled. Sophomore jackets, Junior rings, book sales and many other services were supervised by this committee.

Through the year, the Student Services Committee handled many thousands of dollars for the students.

The Spirit and Special Events Committee worked closely together in planning events at Mitty. The rally hosted by Crazy George, Career Day, the Christmas Assembly and Chaminade Day are but a few examples of the events which these two committees coordinated and executed.

The Student Senate this year was for the most part composed of Homeroom Presidents who were keenly interested in Student Government. Following the original initiative of the Faculty concerning a new form of government at Mitty, the Student Senate quickly acted to review and ratify the proposal. It then proceeded to redefine itself in relation to this new system of government even before the other sectors of the school had accepted the proposal. For the first time, members of the Student Senate this year were afforded the opportunity to act side by side with Faculty members in important policy making committees. In one case, the Supervision Committee, a Homeroom President was elected as Chairman.

Student Government did not function without problems this year. The worst of these was in the area of communicating internal events within the government to students. This was partly due to the shortness and infrequency of homeroom meetings.

Bill
Bartling

Mike
Bergkamp

Jeff
Bergmann

Brad
Bonnett

Craig
Boston

Steve
Brashear

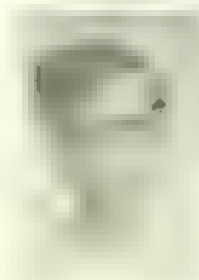
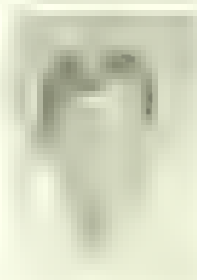
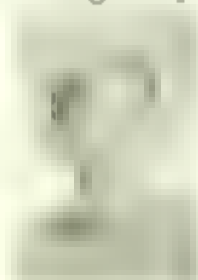
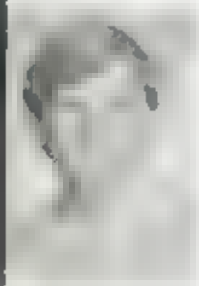


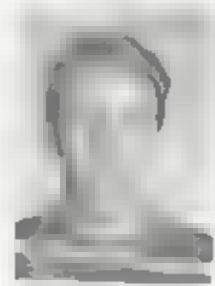


Photo by Russ Hughes

Tom Chargin



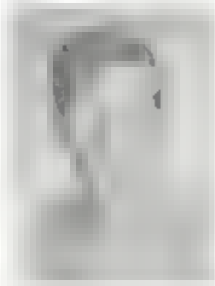
Mike Christie



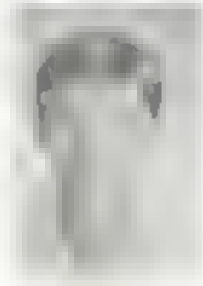
Mike Connelly



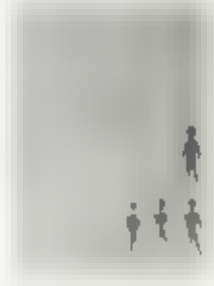
Tim Conway



Norman Costella



Chris Costella



MODEL UN



Mr.
Killian



Kevin
Cougill



James
Cronin



Dan
Dalhauser



Stuart
Daley



Mike
Denham



Dan
Dias

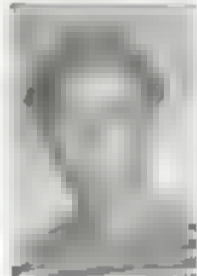




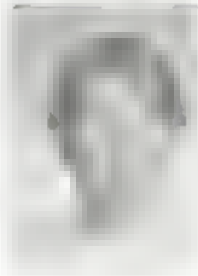
Mine
Di Marco



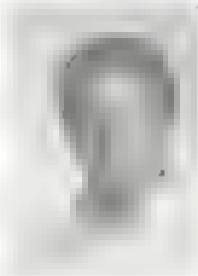
Alfred
Di Pietro



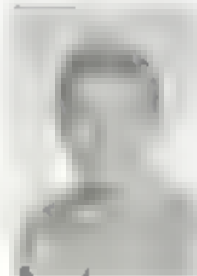
Robert
Dixon



Henley
Douglas



Wayne
Dubois



CORIS
Lambert



Mr.
Leadley



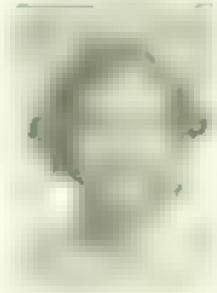
OPEN CAMPUS



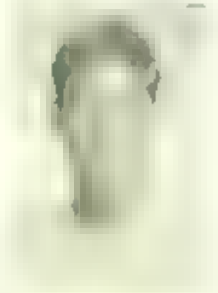
Craig
Esposito



Steve
Fanelli



Mike
Federico



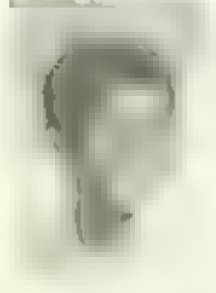
Keith
Feifarek



Mark
Ferrari



Art
Ferraro





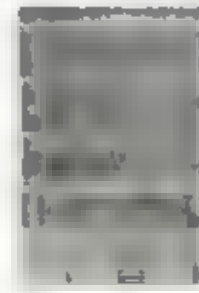
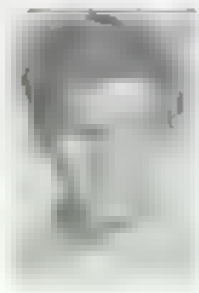
John
Fisher

Bill
Gard

Jim
Gilmore

John
Gilmore

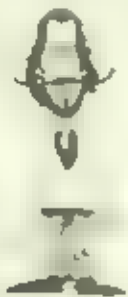
Ja
Galin



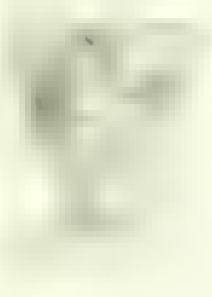
MORE OPEN CAMPUS



Mr.
McCarthy



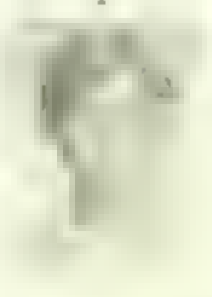
Robert
Godar



John
Gonsalves



Pat
Goodpasture



Glen
Gorden



Daniel R.
Green



Steve
Grant





Art
de Vince Greco

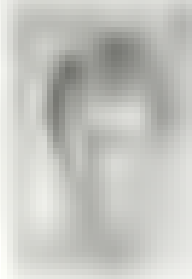
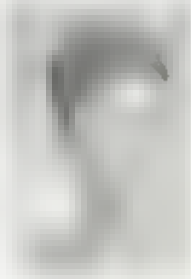
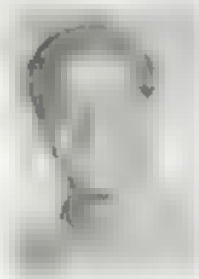
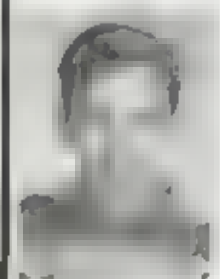
Dale
Gregevsen

Mark
Grenier

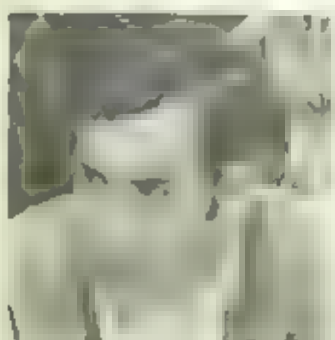
Mike
Griggs

Joe
Guerinot

Mr.
Chochi



MORE MITTY PEOPLE



Mr.
Hielman

Mike
Haller

Craig
Hole

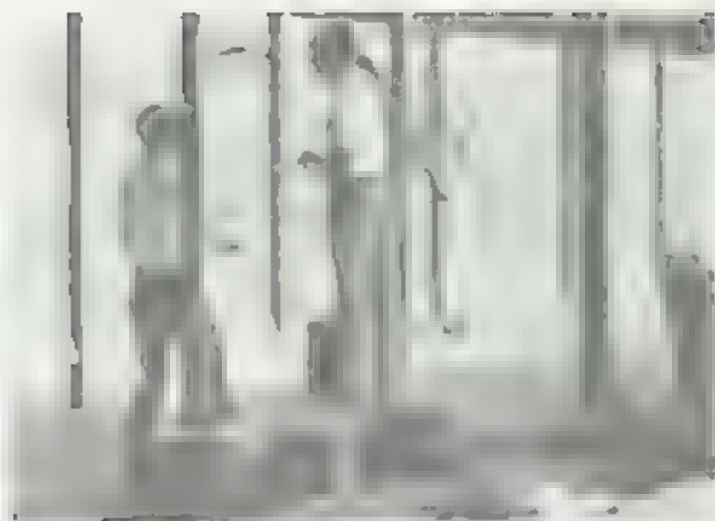
Paul
Hathaway

Tom
Henningsen

Steve
Herrera

Bobby
Hershberger





Matt
Hill

Dave
Holmes

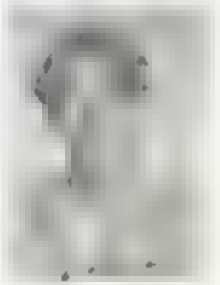
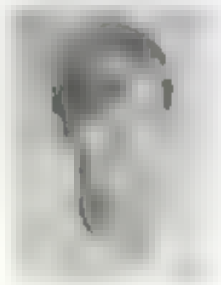
Russ
Hughes

Tony
Iorns

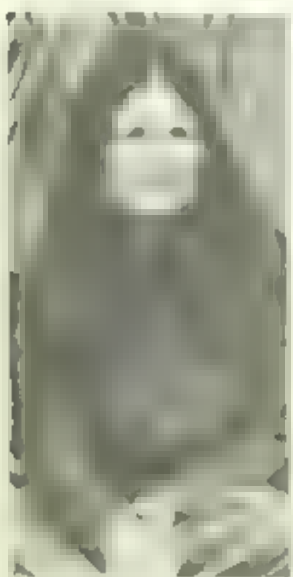
Gary
Jansen

Jimmy
Johnson

Mr.
Laton



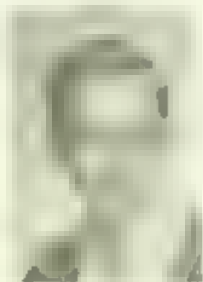
MITTY PEOPLE



Mr.
O Connell



John
kane



Tom
Kent



Pat
Lamb



Greg
Kurtz



Lewis
Iaptalo





John
Larame

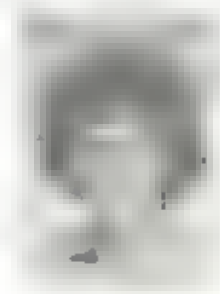
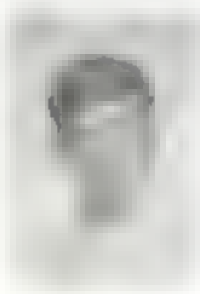
Mark
Lazzarini

Mark
Leet

Richard
Little

Tom
Littman

Mr.
Sumner



BASEBALL PRACTICE



Mr.
Pardo



Chris
Loafman



Kevin
Jeworski



Louis
Manfredi



Mike
Lyden



Pat
Lydon





Dirk
Maasen

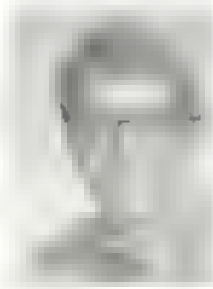
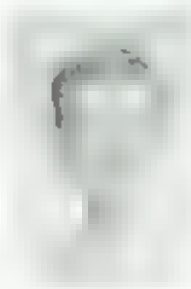
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Fenton





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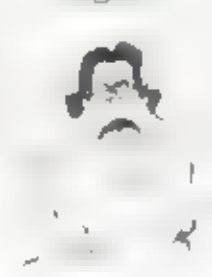
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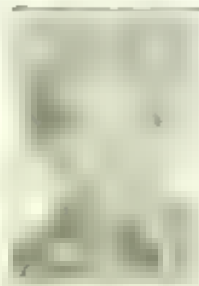




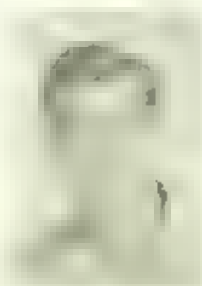
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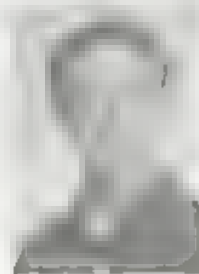
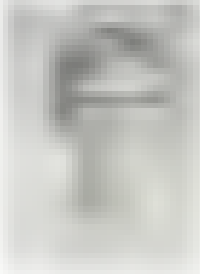
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Brian
O'Halloran

Sean
O'Leary

Se
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JV & FROSH BASEBALL



Mr.
Bridger



Ken
Paramo



Mike
Pena



Steve
Peters



Bill
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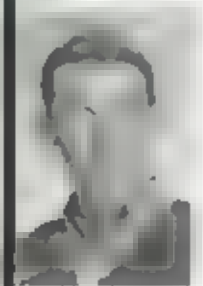


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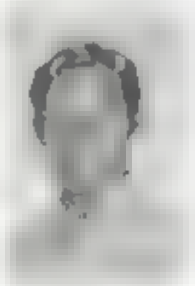




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Bro
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TRACK PRACTICE



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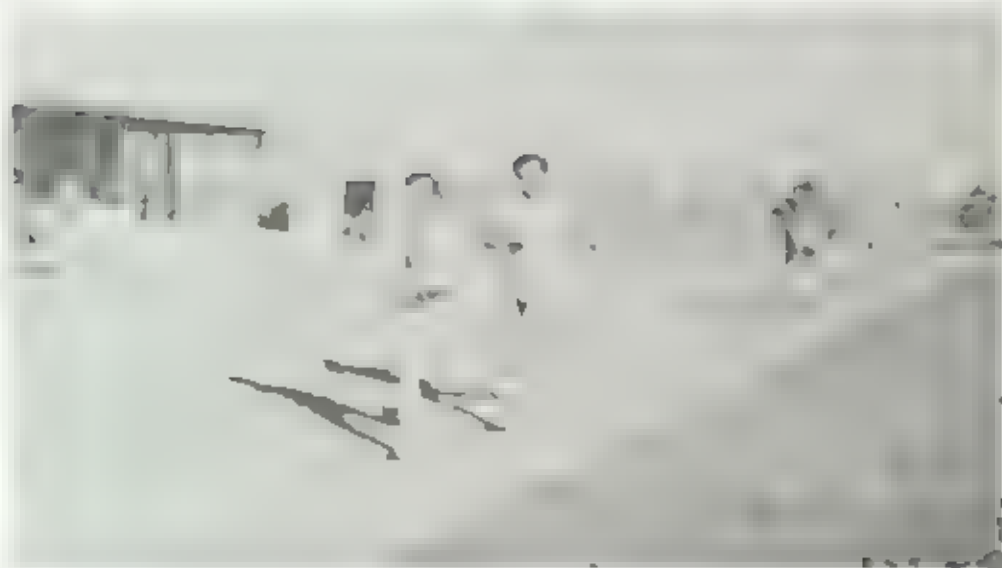
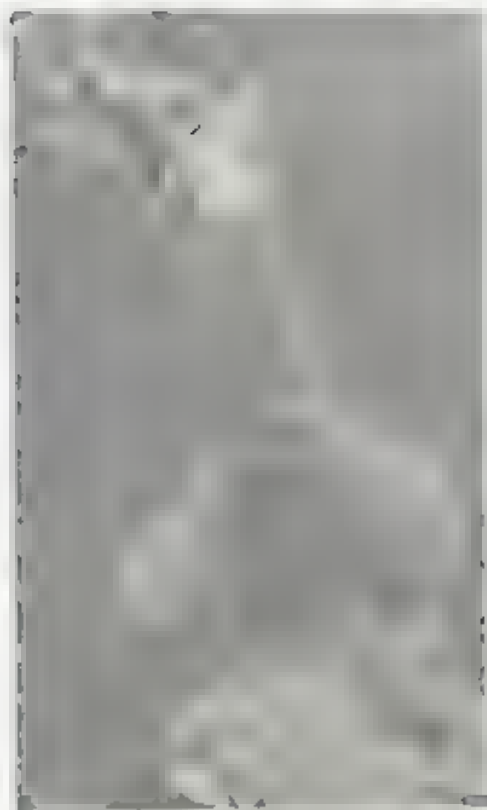
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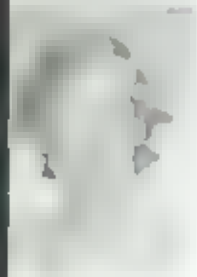
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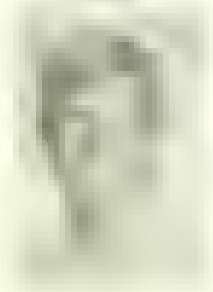
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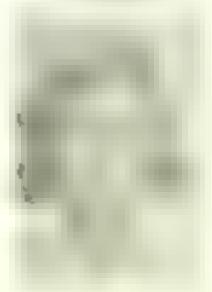
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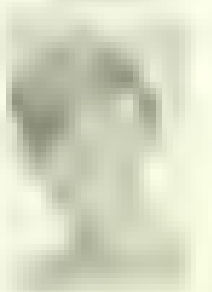
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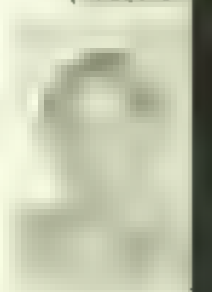
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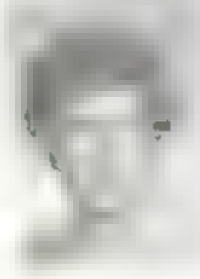
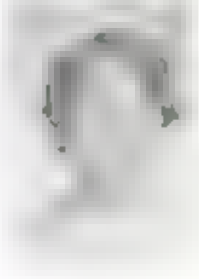
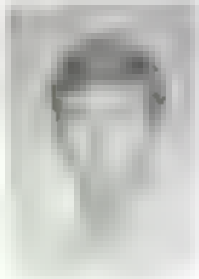
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Dave
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Paul
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Mr.
Joe





Mr.
Stanton



Bruce
Trapani



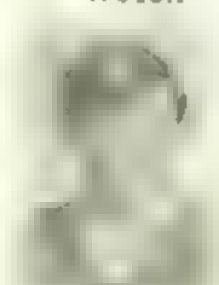
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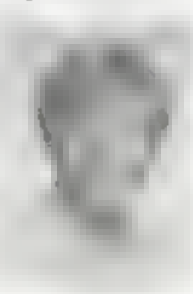
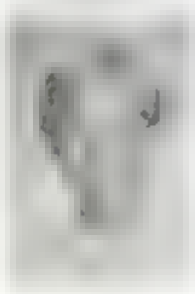
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Christopher Allen



Robert Andrews



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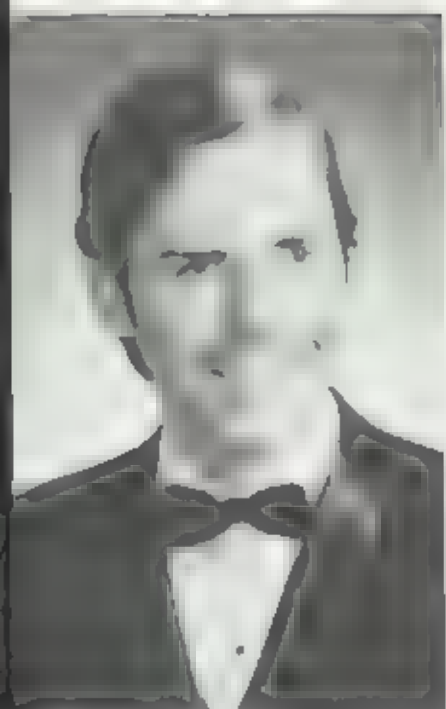


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John Barros





Christopher Basanese



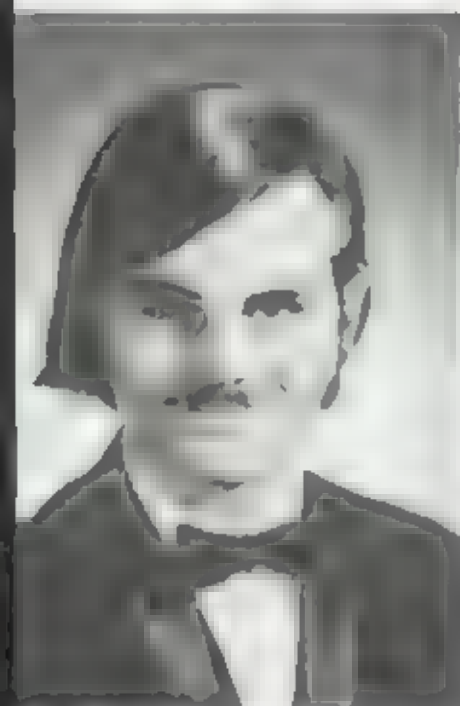
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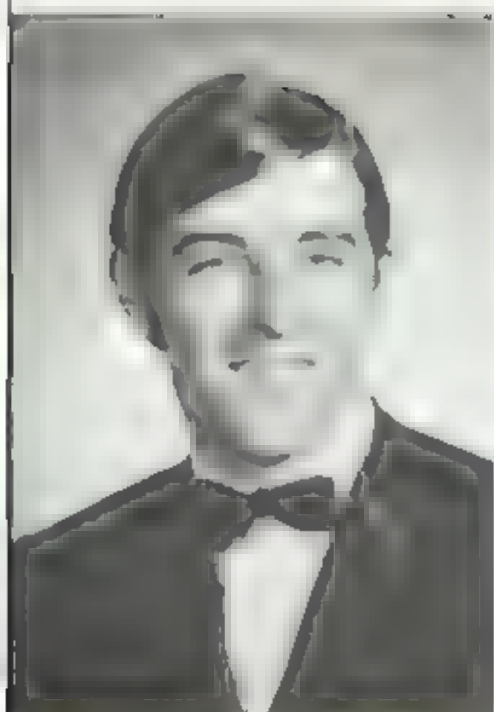


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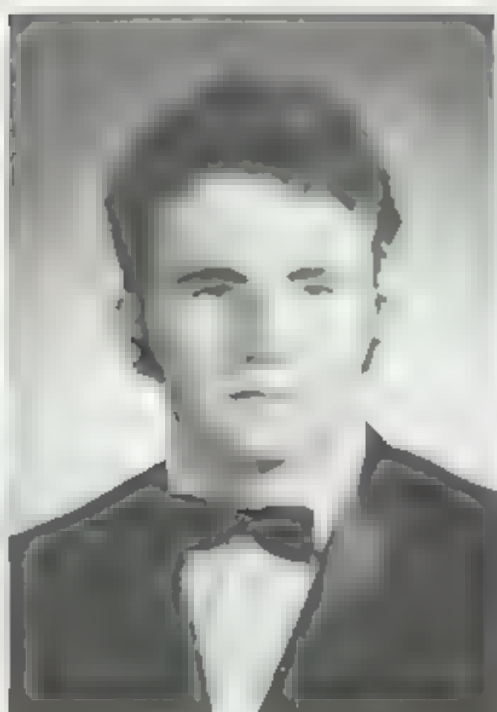


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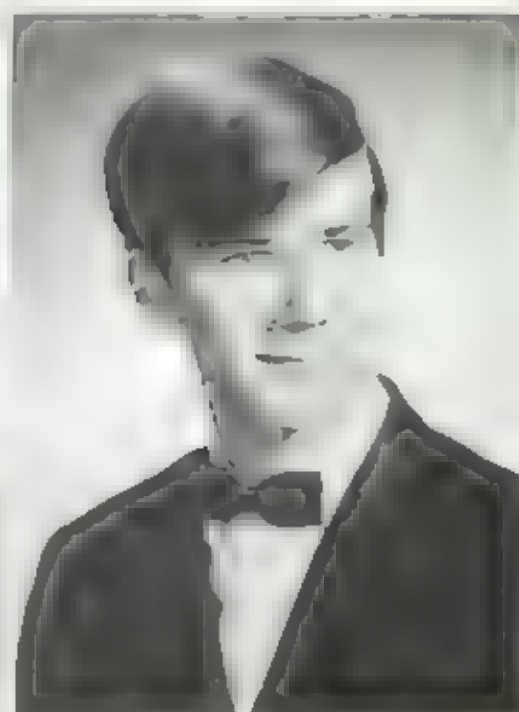
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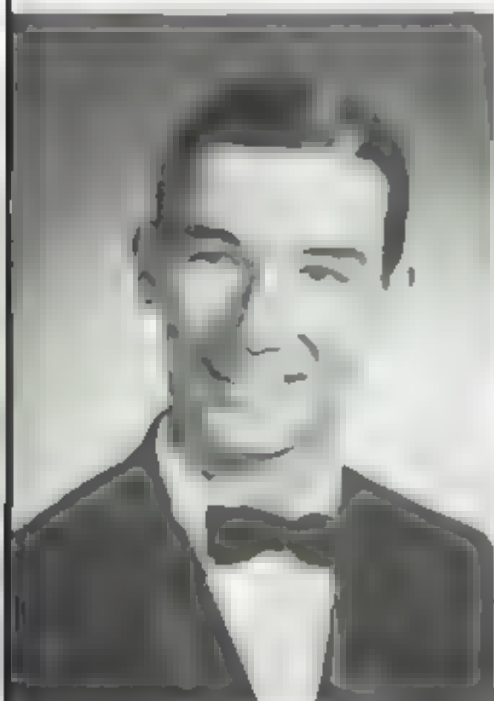
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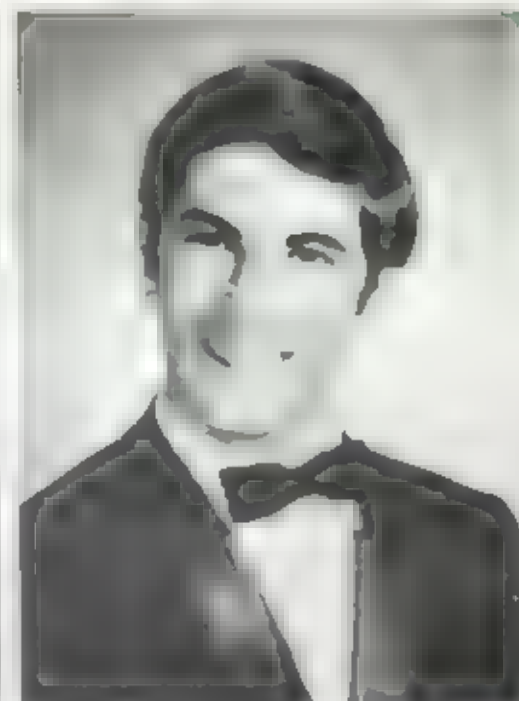
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Richard Defranciscl





Dana Delmas



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Philip Dixon



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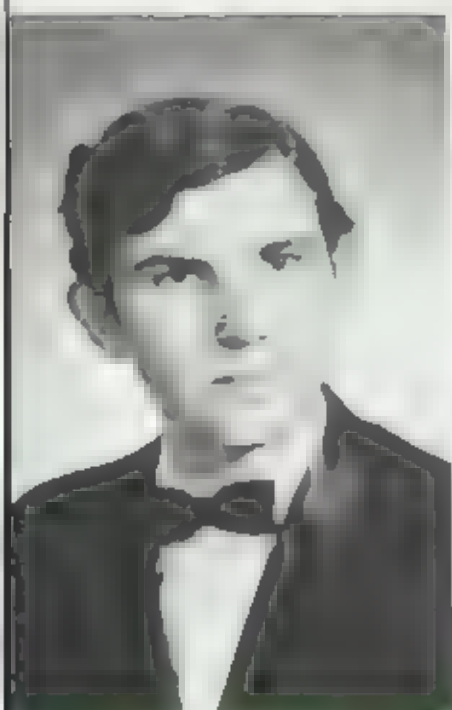


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Robert Echeverria





Carl Epolite



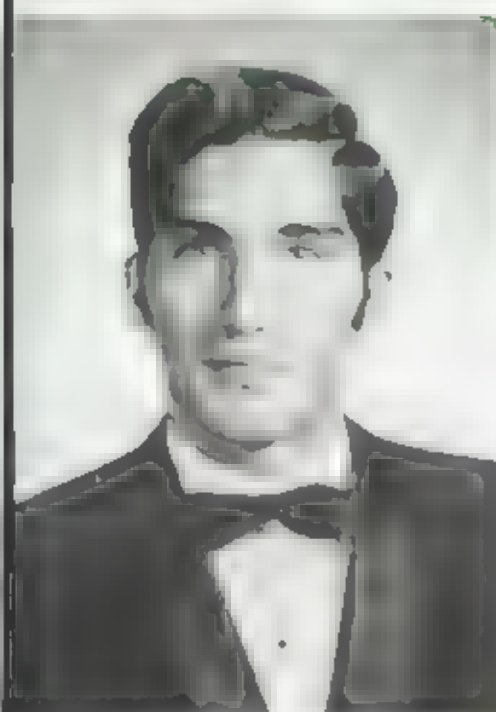
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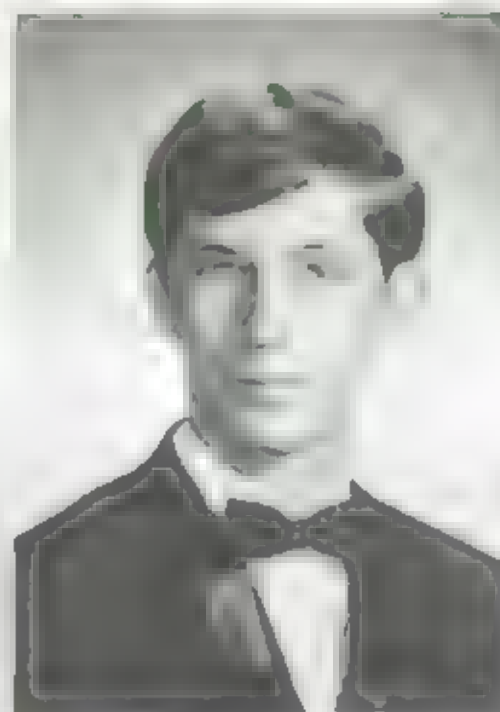
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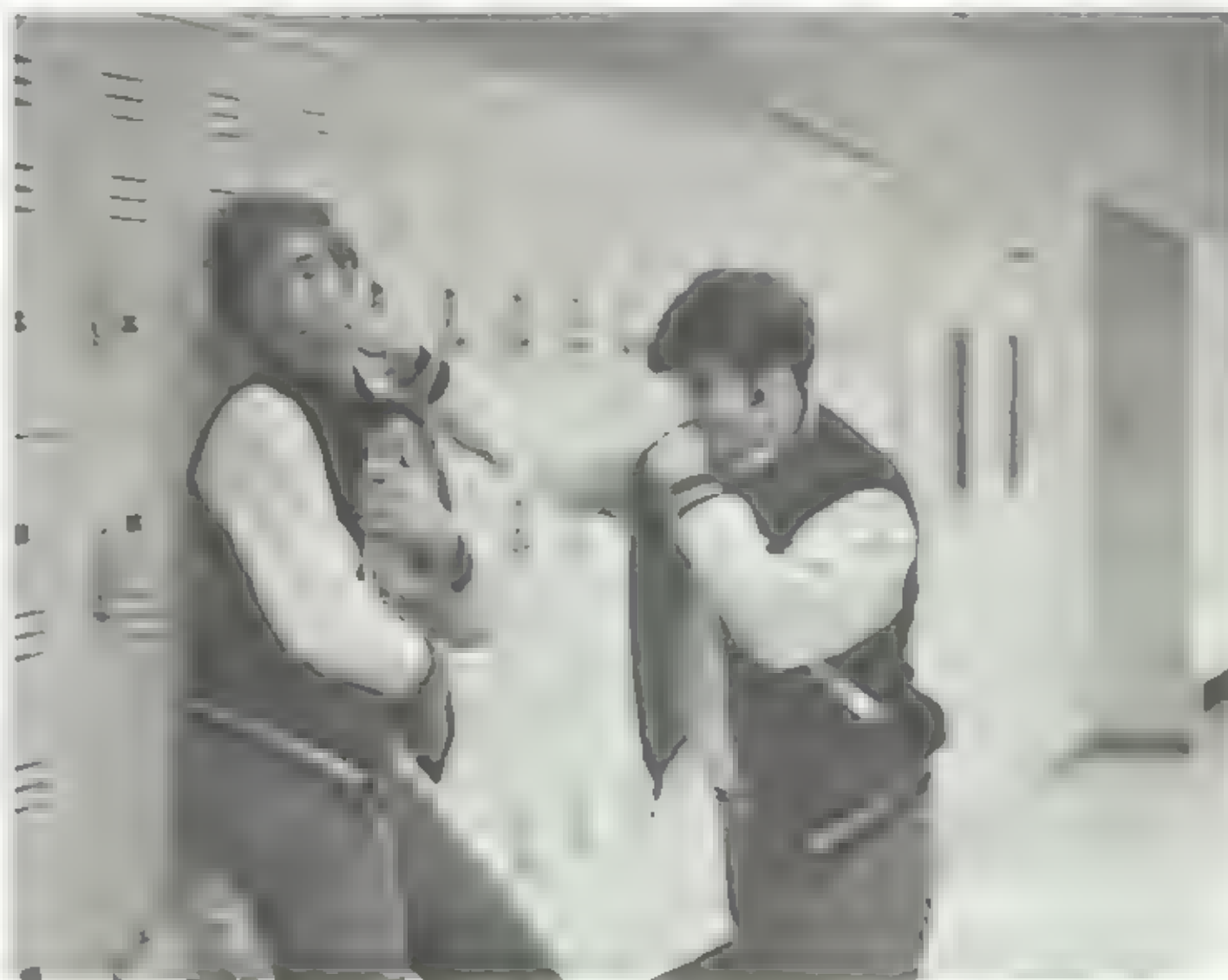
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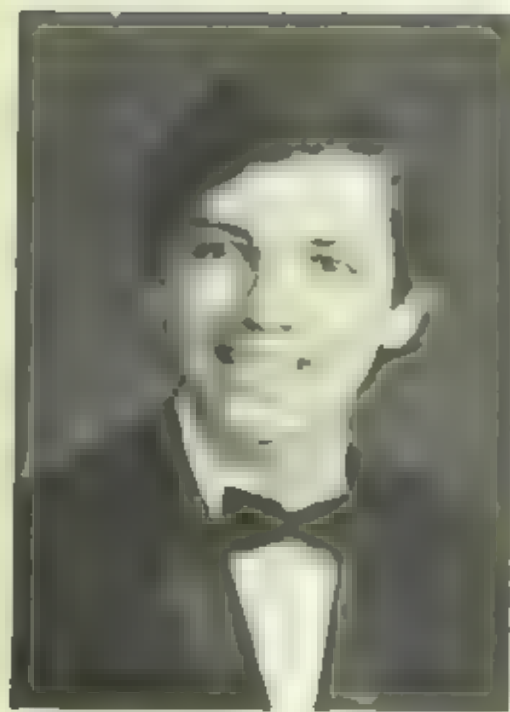


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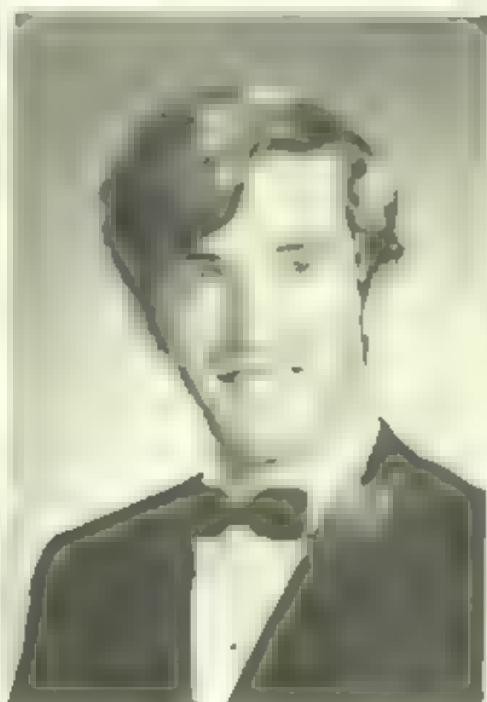
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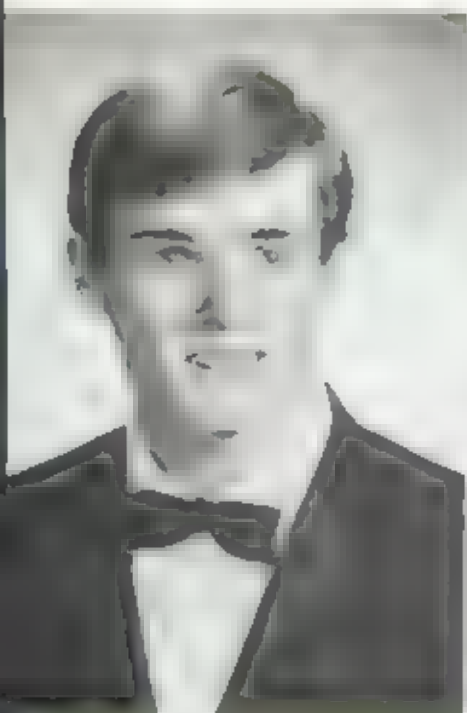


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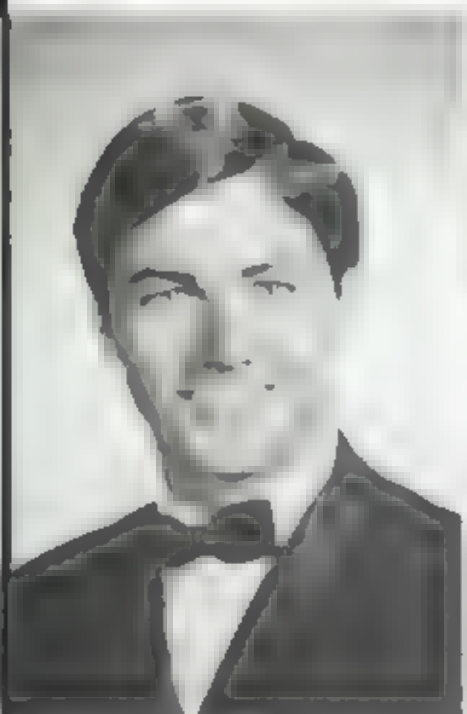
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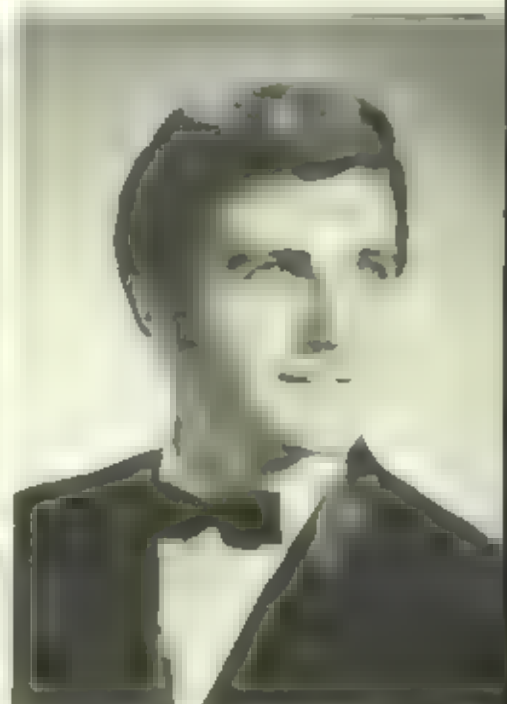
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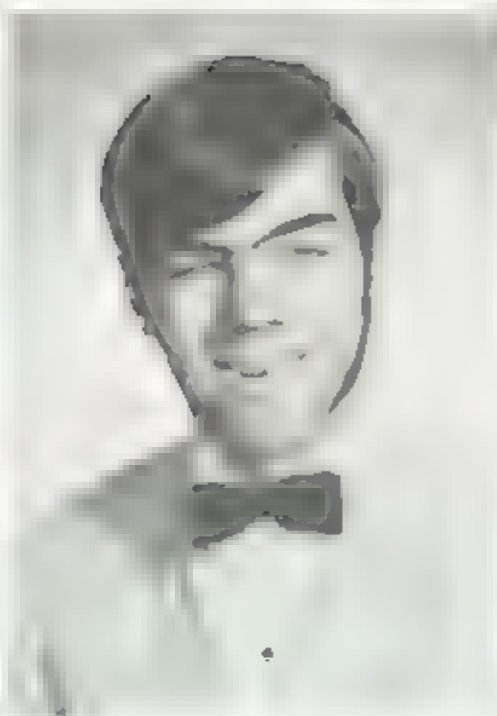




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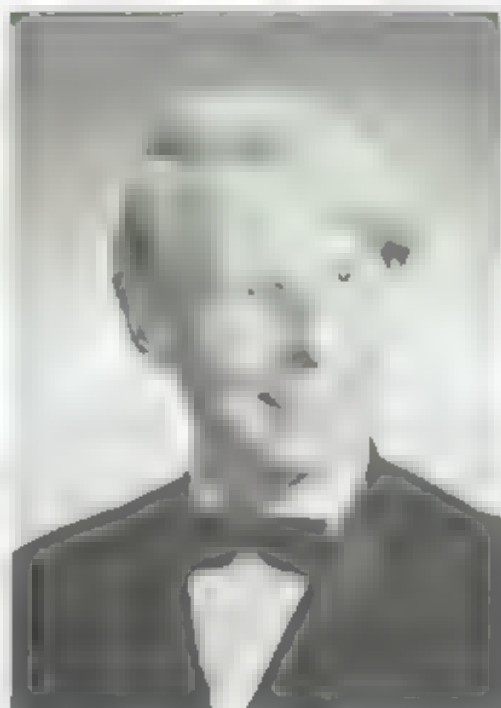
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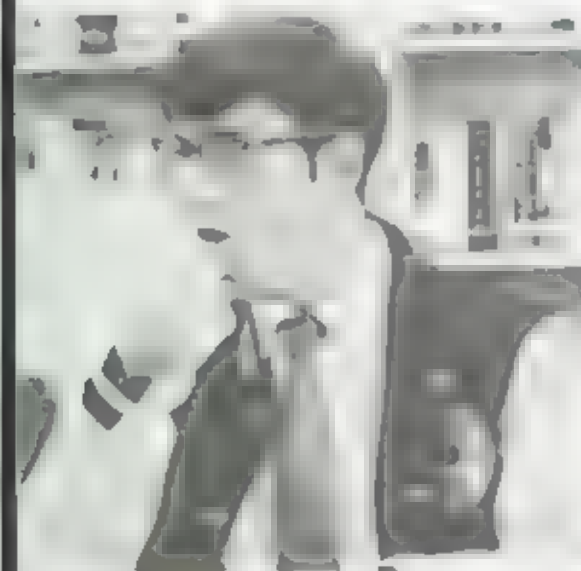
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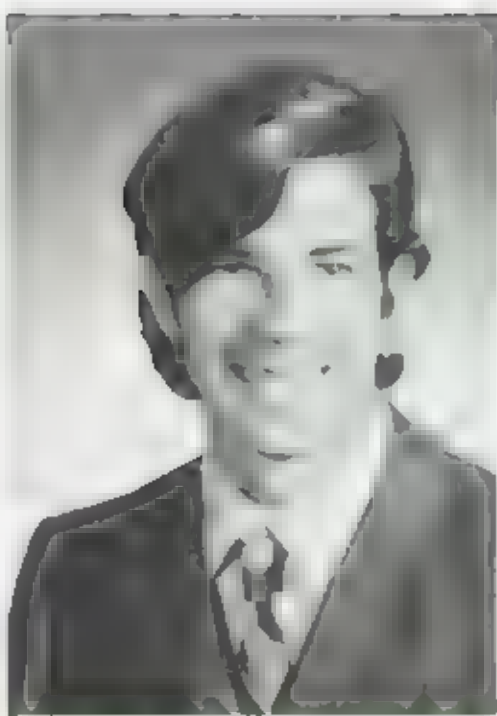


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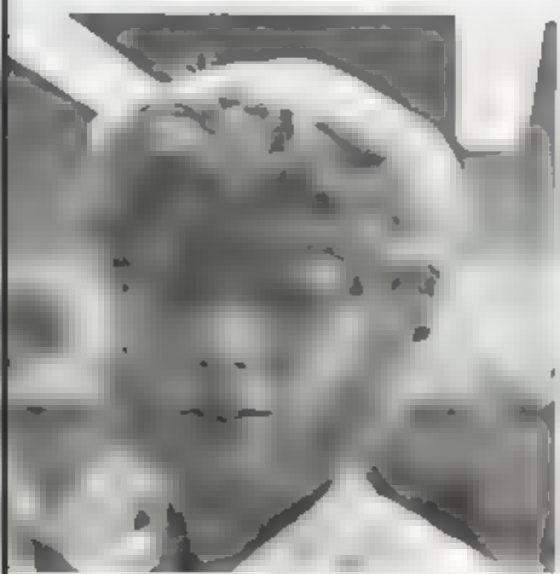
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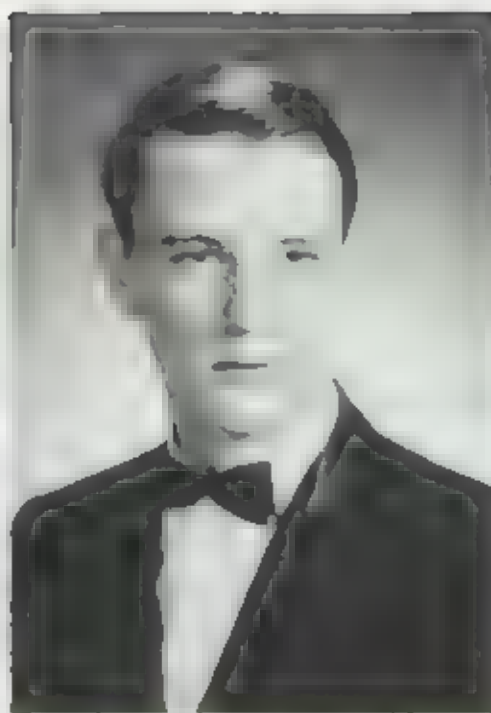




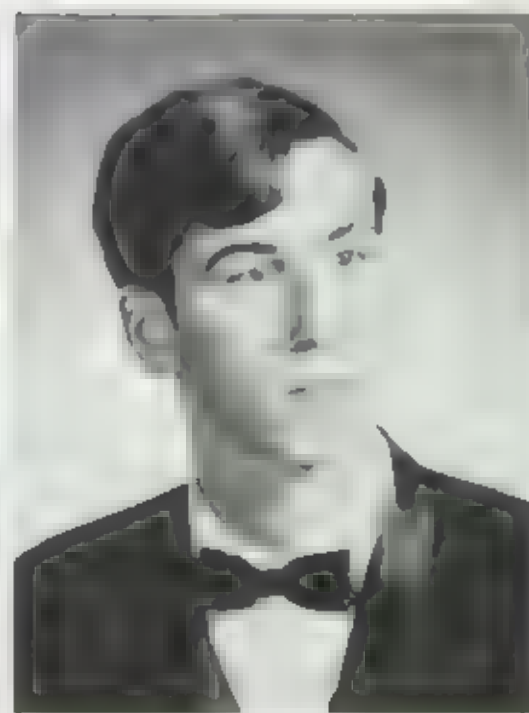
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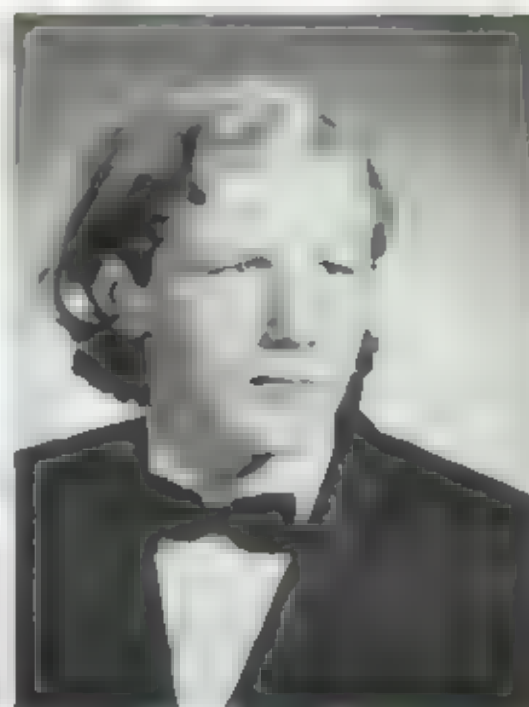
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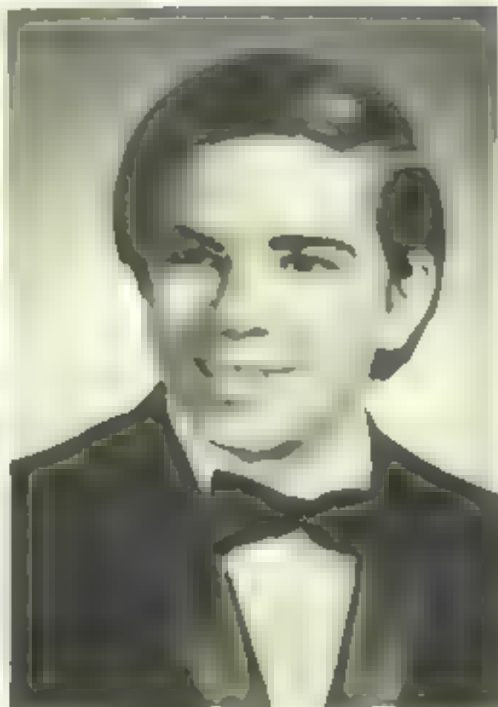


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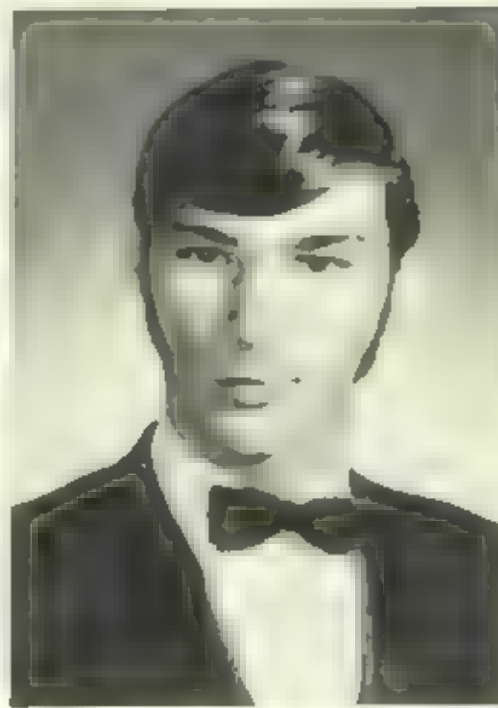
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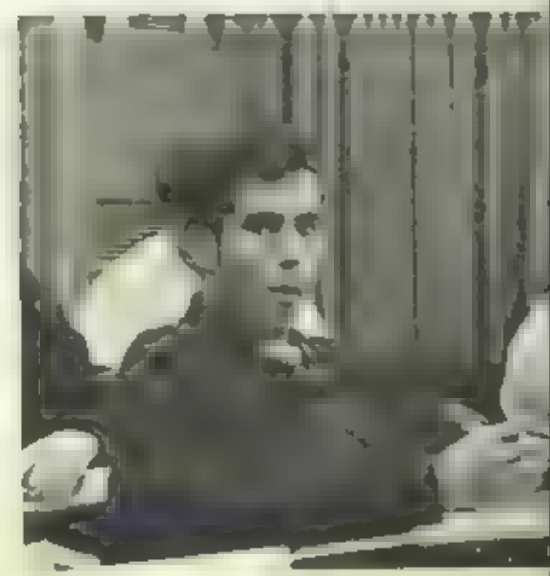
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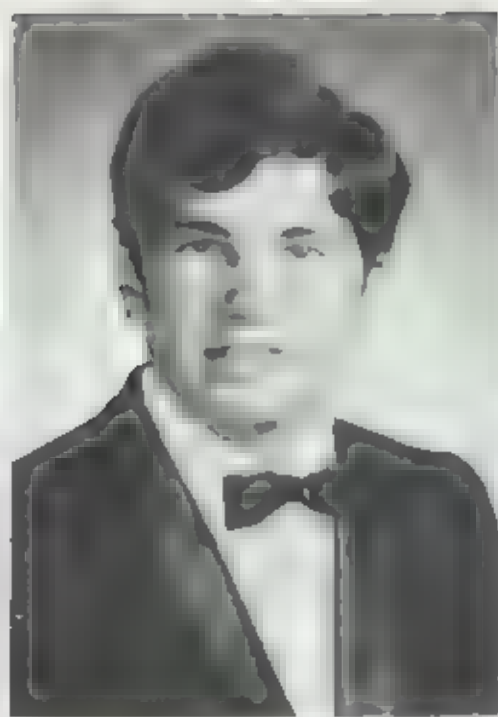


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Francis Simon



Glen Smith



Theodore Sobieralski



Edward Struss



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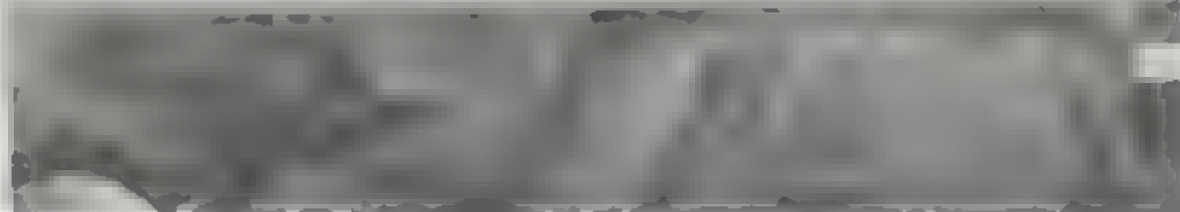
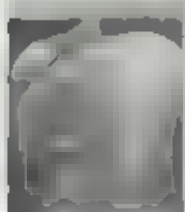
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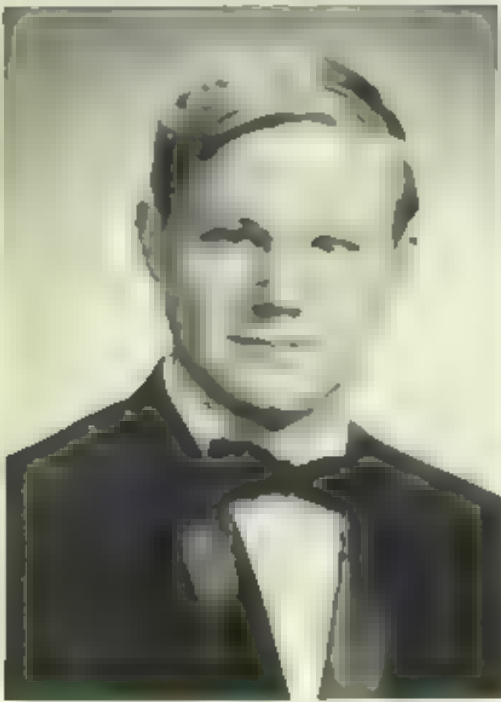
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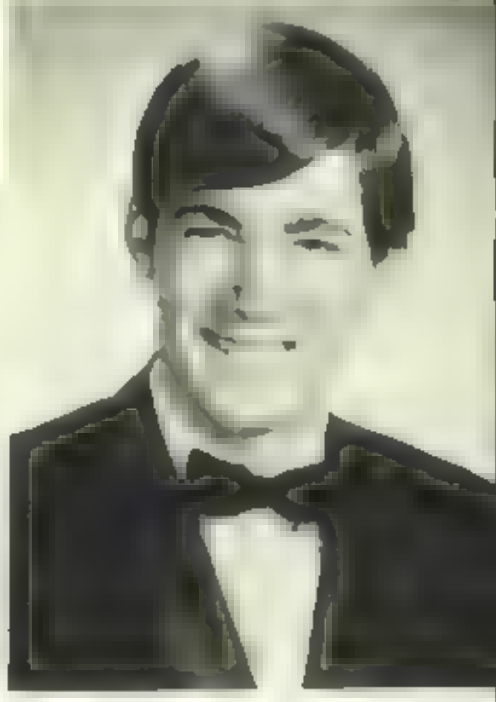
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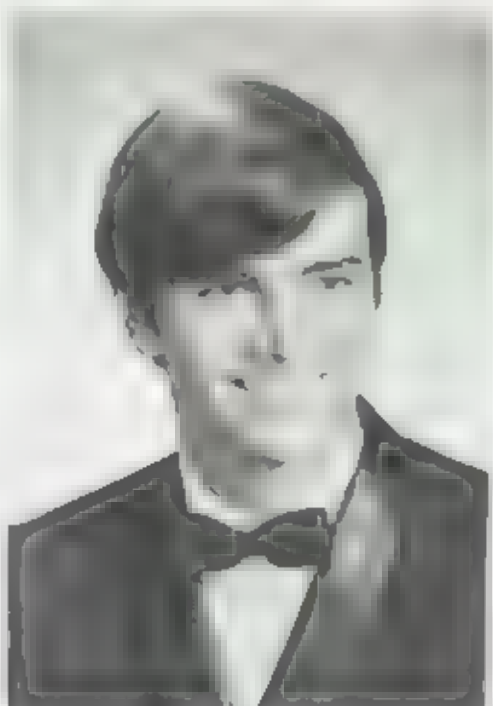
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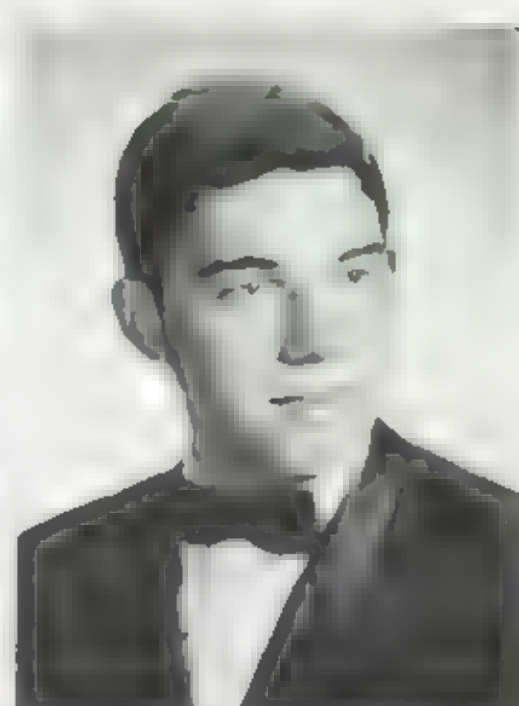
Bill Williams



Charters Wynn



Roland Yarbrough



Donald Zoccoli



ORGANIZATIONS

One of the most pleasant new traditions at Mitty are the always laughing song girls lead by Patrice O'Connell. Starting during Football season they performed throughout basketball season. Spirit Chairman Tony Bozini coordinated the election and development of the group which included Karen O'Connell, Linda Soto, Carol Ingebratsen, Theresa Struss, Debbie Burns, and Diane Smith.



Here, imaginatively lined up before the illustrious front entrance of Mitty High School, protecting any further possibility of theft, the noble senators of our illustrious republic. These are the students whose responsibility was the representation and legislation of student body needs. They ate lunch together several times a week and gave student body President Dennis Navarra something to think about.

You've heard of Duffy Daugherty, Ara Parseghian, and Pete Petrinovich? That's right, old double-hip, under-the-jersey, reverse reverse, statue Petrinovich -- who needs to worry about won-loss record -- came to Mitty with a pretty mediocre bunch of freshmen footballers, brought them from grammar school flag flingers to a fairly game, hard-hitting crew. "Willing to play" they were kind of frosh who "never quit" and, according to their young, well-liked coach, had their greatest game against Sacred Heart, 25-0. Coach Pete labelled Pat Haniger his most consistent performer, also citing Ferrara, Castagani, Owens, Laine, Malinski, and Blair. High scorer was Swartz with six touchdowns.



The freshmen B basketball team, led by methodical Brother Mike Chu, S.M., played excellent defense developed extraordinary patience for freshmen players. Their leading scorer was big Lou Howe; most consistent were Terry Murray and Mark Havstad, WCAL Champs.

The Concert Band is one of these large aggregations of sixty people where the director probably has to spend half his time standing like a traffic cop. But they put it together well enough to get to a tour of Southern California. Practicing three days a week, Mr. Oddo's beautiful people were certainly the best Concert Band Mitty has had to date. Great at the Football Games, the Portugues parade, they even marched for George Murphy. The muscianship of this group is a good indicator of great things in the future.



The Frosh A basketball team started well under Coach Peterson as they picked up ten wins against one defeat in pre-league, but then came acropper as they fell before other WCAL frosh units. Coach Peterson identified his number two scorer, Jim Blamey as his most consistent performer, took special note of the play of number one scorer, Terry Vane, reed-thin Sean O'Kane and quick, young Mark Messier. Basketball at Mitty is definitely looking up because of the excellent coaching and continued commitment seen at the Frosh level.

The quiet, unsung heroes of the Mitty operation have got to be the Library TAs. Under the direction of Mrs. Clorinda Lennon, the patient methodical people make an excellent school library possible. Sometimes they got a little wild with the school stamp on the covers of the latest magazines; but mostly, good people in an unknown job.



The cross country program has come many miles under Coach Bob Buoncristiani. Many many miles. Hills. Creeks. Miles. Most surprising newcomer was Chris Griggs. Mike Haniger, essentially a middle distance runner, was superb again as a senior



English TA's were student teachers. This kind of things has never been done before, especially with such success. Working under the direction of Mr. Michael Slack, a graduate Ph. D. candidate at Stanford, these seniors (and some outstanding juniors) worked with the new freshmen program, studying film, media types, grammar, short stories, and composition

The Monarch Varsity Soccer Team had a difficult task defending the WCAL title won the previous year. Starting slow, then dogged by injuries in the first round of play, the Monarchs were anchored by one of the finest players in the state, Pat Higgins. Higgins set a league record of four goals one match, only to have it broken the next match by a fellow senior, Tom Fleischli, five against Sacred Heart. For awhile a freshman was starting, but to everyone's surprise, sophomore Mike Benton came on rapidly to complement the forward play of Gene Mim Mack. In '71-'72 Dave Chaplik's booters are in for a rough go as fine defensive players like Dan Stringari, Chris Baggott, and Jeff Schwertly are lost to graduation



The Senate does the talking, but the Executive Board provides the leadership to get the job done. Outstanding certainly was Tony Bozini, Spirit Chairman. Led by S. B. President Navarra, this crew did the things some schools put faculty in charge of.

The Pop Band, lead by Russ Hughes and Art Greco, consisted of ten to fifteen people (depending on the weather) most of whom were also in the stage band. They played at all basketball games and some rallies. When the song girls needed late practices, they were always ready to oblige (who could refuse) practice before games, whenever, whatever. Dave Azevedo played drums some. Kolegraff pumped the Sousaphone. Mr. Oddo helped keep it all together. The band leans to brass though occasionally one could lean down close and hear a tootie from Brad Chames, piccolo and flute

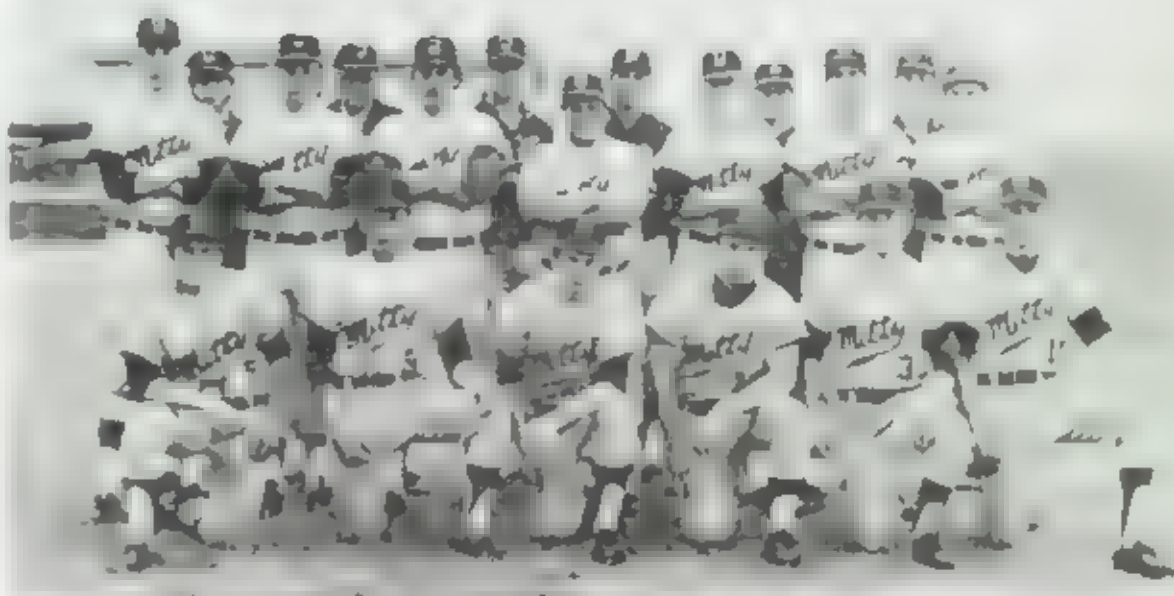


We cares about baseball? Mitty cares. Passionately. From the gophers to the seagulls to Peter dodging foul balls Mitty baseball has a ready audience. The Monarchs have always had good pitching. This year's mound corps was led by Gene Little who gave up no earned runs in his first five starts. Catcher Tony Lupina was certainly Mitty's finest receiver ever. And not bad with a bat either. Coach Bill Sinnott relied on the power hitting of Fred DiPietro and the speed of Ed Struss and Rick Hile. Bob Eccheveria had timely clouts and the smooth swing of Tom Henningsen suggests the Monarchs may enjoy good hitting to complement their pitching for some seasons to come.



Some people play basketball in the Winter, and only the Winter. They don't play for Mitty. The Monarch varsity gets a furlough at the end of every WCAI season, two weeks so the coach can catch his breath. Then they're off and running, working hard, learning. Mitty basketball was superb again this year because of 45 summer league games and all those hours of practice. It took Riordan 19 years in the league before they took the title. Bellarmine never has won it all in basketball. The Monarchs took the title because they earned it. They lost in the CIF Finals because they didn't play well enough that night to win. Returning from a solid 26-5 season, Karl Morin, Matt Green, Ray Townsend, Chris Loafman, and Rick and Chris Costella will have their work cut out for them.

one and nine the previous year, The Monarchs under Head Coach Ron Demonner and assistants Jim Williams and Jerry Regan fashioned a 7-3 record. Finest performance of the season was probably the victory over St. Ignatius to spoil the Wilcats' Homecoming and put the Monarchs in the championship battle. Junior Pat Kohlman led the Mitty All-League contingent garnering Merman of the Year Honors. Leaders from Mitty's finest senior class to date were Ed Struss, Joe Conte, Wild Bill Battaglia, Tom Melischi, Tom Nickel, Bangin Bill Patterson, and Cimino the Splendid Splinter. Losing Gary Arnold, Mark Fine, Ton Vozini, and Rhino Nicholoni makes the '71 season look like a building year. Tell that one to Randy Strawn. Ten duck.





For some people, the JV team is where it all stops. Little League sensation, Senior League teammate, JV . . . you got your growth early, developed the skills, had some great moments and enjoyed playing for Mitty, being a part of something special. For others, JV is where everything starts to tell: your sense of timing, your strength, your recognition of the importance of an all-out effort, your appreciation of your role as a player. **You have a future.**

There were some fine teams at the Junior Varsity level this year, and some fine players: Brandeleis, Kolegraff, Riley, Martignetti, Brady, Pena, and Long to name but a few. Mitty's JV basketball teams had never won a league game in the history of the school, till 1971 when they won a bundle. On the other hand, the JV football team only got one win all season. Things were so bad at one point the quarterback decided to go duck-hunting instead. **Win a bundle, lose a bundle.**

What's it like to be a JV? If you played for Coaches Granados or Townsend this year you won more than you lost. **Decidedly more, and learning to win is a lot nicer than learning to lose.**





A PARTISAN REPORT FROM SOMEONE WHO HAS SOME EXPERIENCE WAS HAD BY MATH WHEN HE WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL AND THEREFORE OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER

There are those who would say Mitty's Math Program has everything as backwards as the photograph of the Math teachers and their teaching assistants pictured above.

Controversy surrounded the program from the first, some vocal, some as silent and disconnected as some of the less successful students. Major modifications in the program came soon in the year. Too soon for some and not soon enough for others. How much credit will I get? My TA doesn't understand me! People questioned, exclaimed . . . just how much algebra does a musician need anyway? How much math is really needed for the man who clearly has no career ahead in math or science? How clear is clear? Is algebra the necessary first step in mathematics education? Many times the presuppositions about what is college prep work and what is not fail to take into account the vast varieties of higher education. Could Algebra I and II, Geometry, and Trig be salacious old whores every young man gets sent to as part of some bizarre Twentieth Century American puberty rite for the middle class? What jesuitical device lurks in the crannies of that old lockstep? Was this a needless experiment for seventy percent of the students? What is (was?) the Math Program?

Let me continue by saying something simple we can all agree upon: two plus two equals four. Right? Sometimes.

As I understand it, the Math Program realized the old educational saw "Each student will proceed according to his own pace" which is exactly what happened -- some guys did well, moving swiftly,

others did a little, slowly. You don't move on to the next level until you succeed at the current one which is a very sound approach to mathematics pedagogy. Having spent my high school career befogged by Algebra instructors telling me I wasn't working hard enough and then sprinting on to the next chapter while I foundered in the vacuum of their lesson plan propwash, I am convinced the Math Program has the right approach. I see some students way into a second year's work and the second semester is barely under way -- that I submit is super. Super. But what about us DUMBKOFERS who don't get cranapples from cranberries and apples? Well, you let me flounder around long enough till your sure I'm not just lazy. Then you help me by doing a variety of things and one of them is getting the bright guys to lend a hand. Students do learn from one another in every kind of thing from basketball to chess, from music to mathematics. There is no question the Math Program (like most Mitty programs) calls for a mature, determined effort from every student, TA, and teacher. As the year went on the Math Program matured greatly -- some students matured and found out clearly they were or were not mathematicians, they learned from one another, and they didn't get swallowed up in some surrealistic mathematical gyre.

Hooray for Dan Eaton, Ralph Pardo, and Bros. Rolly Bunda and Jerry Gor! Hooray for you Math TAs! Chalk one up for Goodness, Beauty, and Truth.

-- Kevin McCarthy
Excalibur Faculty Advisor
Ex Math Midget

MITTY PEOPLE











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